

Iter Boreale.

With large Additions of several others

POEMS

BEING

An EXACT COLLECTION
of all hitherto Extant.

Never before Published together.

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The Author R. Wild, D. D.

Printed for the Bookellers in Lon-
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Iter Boreal

Attempting something upon the Successful and Matchless March of the

LORD GENERAL

George Monck,

From SCOTLAND to LONDON,
in the Winter, 1659.



I.

The day is broke! *Melpomene*, be gone;

Hag of my Fancy, let me now alone:

Night-mare my Soul no more; Go take thy flight

Where Traitors Ghosts keep an eternal night;

Flee to Mount *Caucasus*, and bear thy part

With the black fowl that tears *Promethæus* heart

For his bold Sacrileg: Go fetch the groans

Of defunct Tyrants, with them croake thy Tones;

Go

A 3

(6)

Go see *Aleto* with her flaming whip,
How she ficks *Nol*, and makes old *Bradshaw* skip:
Go I, by self away, — Thou shalt no more
Choak up my Standish with the blood and gore
Of English Tragedies: I now will chuse
The merriest of the nine, to be my Muse:
And come what will, I'll scribble once again:
The British Sword hath cut the nobler Vein,
Of racy Poetry. Our small-drink-times
Must be contented, and take up with Rhimes.
They'r sorry toyes from a poor Levites pack,
Whose Living and Assesment's drink no Sack.
The subject will excuse the Verse (I trow)
The Ven'son's fat, although the crust be dough.

MODORI OF QUARTERS TO LONDON

I He who whileom fate and sung in Cage
My Kings and Countries Ruines by the rage
Of a rebellious Rout; who weeping saw
Three goodly Kingdoms (drunk with fury) draw
And sheath their Swords (like three enraged brothers)
In one anothers sides, ripping their Mothers [thers]
Belly, and tearing out her bleeding heart;
Then jealous that their Father fain would part
Their bloody fray, and let them fight no more,
Fell foul on Him, and slew Him at His dore.
I that have only dar'd to whisper Verses,
And drop a tear (by stealth) on loyal Hearses;

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(7)

I that enraged at the *Times* and *Ramp*,
Had gnaw'd my Goose-quill to the very stump,
And flung that in the Fire, no more to write,
But to sit down poor *Britains Heraclete*,
Now sing the triumphs of the Men of War,
The Glorious Rayes of the bright Northern Star,
Created for the nonce by Heaven to bring
The wise men of three Nations to their King:
MONCK! the great *Monck*! that syllable out-
Plantagenet's bright Name, or *Constantine's*. [shines
'Twas at His Rising that *Our Day* begun,
Be he the *Morning Star* to *CHARLES* our *Sun*.
He took Rebellion rampant, by the throat,
And made the Canting *Quaker* change his Note;
His hand it was that wrote, (we saw no more)
Exit Tyrannus over *Lamberts* dore.

Like to some subtle Lightning, so His Words
Dissolved in their Scabbards Rebels Swords.
He with success the *Soveraign* skill hath found
To dress the Weapon, and to heal the Wound.
George, and his *Boyes* (as Spirits do, they say)
Only by waiking, scare our Foes away.

III.

Old *Holofernes* was no sooner laid,
But ere the Idols Funeral Pomp was paid,
(Nor

(Nor shall a penny ere be paid for me;
 Let fools that trusted his true Mourners be.)
Richard the Fourth, just peeping out of Squire,
 No fault so much, as th' old one was his Sire;
 For men believ'd, though all went in his Name,
 He'd be but Tenant till the Landlord came:
 When on a sudden (all amaz'd) we found
 The seven years *Babel* tumbled to the ground;
 And he, poor heart, (thanks to his cunning *Kin*)
 Was soon in *Querpo* honest *Dick* agen.
Exit Protector.—What comes next? I trow,
 Let the State-Huntsmen beat again.—So-ho,
 Cries *Lambert*, Master of the Hounds,—Here sits
 That lusty Puss, *The Good Old Cause*,—whose wits
 Shew'd *Oliver* such sport; That, that (cries *Vane*)
 Lets put her up, and run her once again:
 She'll lead our Dogs and Followers up and down,
 Whilst we match Families, and take the Crown.
 Enter th' old Members: 'Twas the Month of *May*
 These Maggots in the *Ramp* began to play:
Wallingford Anglers (though they stunk) yet thought
 They would make baits, by which Fish might be
 And so it prov'd, they soon by taxes made [caught;
 More money than the *Holland* Fishing Trade.

I V.

NOW broke in *Egypt's* Plagues (all in a day)
 And one more worse than theirs,—We must
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(9)

To be deliver'd :—Their scab'd folks were free
To scratch where it did itch ;—So might not we.
That Meteor *Cromwel*, though he scar'd, gave light ;
But we were now cover'd with horrid night :
Our Magitracry was (like *Moses* Rod)
Turn'd to a Serpent by the angry God.
Poor Citizens, when Trading would not do,
Made brick without straw, and were blasted too :
Struck with the botch of Taxes and Excise ;
Servants (*our very dust*) were turn'd to *Lice* ;
It was but turning Souldiers, and they need
Not work at all, but on their Masters feed.
Strange Caterpillars are our pleasant things ;
And Frogs croak in the Chambers of our Kings :
Black bloody veins did in the *Rump* prevail,
Like the Philistims Emrods in the Tayle.
Lightning, Hail, Fire, and Thunder *Egypt* had,
And *England* Guns, Shot, Powder, (thats as bad.)
And that Sea-Monster *Lawson* (if with flood)
Threatn'd to turn our Rivers into Blood. [fell
And (Plague of all these Plagues) all these Plagues
Not on an *Egypt*, but our *Israel*.

V.

S Ick (as her heart can hold) the Nation lies,
Filling each corner with her hideous cries :
Sometimes Rage (like a burning Fever) heats,
Anon Despair brings cold and clammy Sweats ;
She

She cannot sleep ; or if she doth she dreams
 Of Rapes, Thefts, Burnings, Blood, and direful
 Tosses ; am fide to fide, then by and by (theams ;
 Her feet are laid there where the head did lie :
 None can come to her but bold Empericks,
 Who never meant to cure her but try tricks :
 Those very *Doctors* who should give her ease,
 (God help the *Patient*) was her worst disease.
 Th' *Italian* Mountebank *Vane* tells her sure
 Jesuits Powder will effect the Cure.
 If grief but makes her swell, *Martin* and *Nevil*
 Conclude it is a spice of the Kings-Evil.
 Bleed her again, another cries ;—And *Scot*
 Saith he could cure her, if 'twas—you know what:
 But giddy *Harrington* a whimsey found,
 'To make her head (like to his brains) run round :
 Her old and wise Physicians, who before
 Had well nigh cur'd her, came again to th' dore,
 But were kept out, which made her cry the more,
 Help, help, (*dear Children*) Oh ! some pity take
 On her who bore you ! help for mercy sake !
 Oh heart ! Oh head ! Oh back ! Oh bones ! I feel
 They've poyson'd me with giving too much steel :
 Oh give me that for which I long and cry !
 Something that's *Sovereign*, or else I dye.

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KInd *Cheshire* heard ;—And like some son that
 Upon the Bank, straight jump'd into the flood,
 Flings out his arms, & strikes som strokes to swim
Boob ventur'd first, and *Middleton* with him ;
 Stout *Mackworth*, *Egerton*, and thousands more,
 Threw themselves in, and left the safer shore ;
Massey (that famous Diver) and bold *Brown*
 Forsook his Wharf,—resolving all to drown,
 Or save a sinking Kingdom :—But, O sad !
 Fearing to lose her prey, the Sea grew mad,
 Rais'd all her billows, and resolv'd her waves,
 Should quickly be the bold Adventurers graves.
 Out Marches *Lambert*, like an Eastern Wind,
 And with him all the mighty waters joyn'd.
 The Loyal Swimmers bore up heads and breasts,
 Scorning to think of Life or Interests ;
 They ply'd their Arms and Thighs, but all in vain ;
 The furious Main beat them to shore again ;
 At which the floating Island (looking back,
 Spying her loyal Lovers gone to wrack)
 Shriekt louder then before,—and thus she cries,
 “ Can you be angry heavens, and frowning skies,
 “ Thus countenance rebellious Mutineers,
 “ Who, if they durst, would be about your ears ?
 “ That I should sink, with Justice may accord,
 “ Who let my Pilot be thrown over-board ;
 “ Yet

“Yet ’twas not I (ye righteous Heavens do know)

“The Soldiers in me needs would have it so :

“And nose who conjur’d up these storms them-
selves,

“And first engag’d me ’mongst these Rocks and
“Guilty of all my wo, have rais’d this weather,

“Fearing to come to Land, and chusing rather

“To sink me with themselves, — O cease to frown

“In tears (just Heavens!) behold! my self I drown :

“Let not these proud waves do’t : Prevent

“And let them fall together by the ears. [

V I I.

HEav’n heard, and struck th’ insulting army mad
HDrunk with their *Chelotte* Triumphs, straight
they had

New Lights appear’d, and new Resolves they take,

A *Single Person* once again to make.

Who shall be he ? Oh ! *Lambert*, without rub,

The fittest Devil to be *Belzebub*.

He, the fierce Fiend, cast out o’th’ House before,

Return’d, and threw the House now out of door :

A Legion then he rais’d of Armed Sprights,

Elves, Goblins, Faires, Quakers, and new Lights,

To be his under Devils, with this rest

He Soul and Body (Church and State) posselt :

Who tho they fil’d all countries, towns, and rooms

Yet (like that Fiend that did frequent the Tombs)

Churches

(12)

Churches, and Sacred Grounds they haunted most,
No Chappel was at ease from some such Ghost.
The Priests ordain'd to exercise those Elms,
Were voted Devils, and cast out themselves:
Bible, or Alchoran, all's one to them,
Religion serves but for a stratagem:

The holy Charms these Adders did not heed,
Churches themselves did Sanctuary need.

VIII.

THe Churches Patrimony and rich Store,
Alas! was swallow'd many years before:
Bishops and *Deans* we fed upon before,
They were the *Ribs* and *Sarloyns* of the Whore:
Now let her *Leg* (the *Priest*, go to the Pot,
(They have the *Pope's* eye in them) spare them
We have fat Benefices yet to eat, [not:
(*Bell*, and our *Dragon-Army* must have meat:)
Let us devour her Limb-meal, great and small,
Tythe Calves, Geese, Pigs, the *Petitoes* and all:
A *Vicaridge* in *Sippets*, though it be
But small, will serve a *squeamish* *Sectary*.
Though *Universities* we can't endure,
There's no false *Latine* in their *Lands* (be sure.)
Give *Oxford* to our *Horse*, and let the *Foot*
Take *Cambridge* for their booty, and fall too't.
Christ-Church ile have (cries *Vane*;) *Dishon* swops
At *Trinity*; *Kings* is for *Berry's* chops;

Kelsey

Kelsey, take *Corpus Christi*; *All-Souls*, *Packer*;
Grave-Creed, *St. Johns*; *New College* leave to *Hucker*;
Electra cries, *Weeping Mandlin* shall be mine,
 Her tears Ile drink instead of *Muscadine*:

The smaller *Halls* and *Houses* scarce are big
 Enough to make one dish for *Hafbrig*;

We must be sure to stop his mouth, though wide,
 Else all our fat will be i'th fire (they cry'd):

And when we have done these, we'l not be quiet,
 Lordships and Landlords Rents shall be our diet,

Thus talk'd this jolly crew, but still mine Host
Lambert resolves that he will rule the Rost.

I X.

BUtchard! Methinks I hear old *Boreas* blow; [So?
 What mean the north-winds that they bluster
 More storms from that black nook? Forbear (bold
 Let not *Danbar* and *Worcester* be forgot: [Scot 12
 What? would you chaffer w/us for one *Charl*? more

The price of Kings is falsh, give the Trade o're.

And is the price of Kings and Kingdoms too,
 Of Laws, lives, oaths, souls, grown so low with you?
 Perfidious Hypocrites! Monsters of Men!

(Cries the good *Monck*) we'l raise their price agen
 Heaven said *Amen*, and breath'd upon that Spark;
 That Spark (preserv'd alive i'th cold and darF)
 First kindled and enflam'd the British Isle,
 And turn'd it all to Bonfires in a while.

He

He and his fewel was so small, no doubt,
Proud *Lambert* thought to tread or piss them out.
But *George* was wáy;—His cause did require
A Pillar of a Cloud as well as Fire:

'Twas not his safest course to flame, but smoak;
His enemies he will not burn but choak;

Small Fires must not blaze out, lest by their light
They shew their weakness, and their foes invite;
But Furnaces the stoutest Metals melt,

(And so did he) by fire not seen, but felt;

Dark-lantern Language, and his peep-bo-play,
Will-E-Wispt Lambert's new Lights out o'th way.

George & his boys, those thousands (ô strang thing)
Of Snipes and Woodcocks took by Lowbelling.

His few Scotch-Coal kindled with English Fire
Made *Lamberts* great *Newcastle* heaps expire.

X.

Scotland (though poor and peevish) was content
To keep the Peace, and (ô rare!) money lent;

But yet the blessing of their Kirk was more;

George had that too, and with this slender store

He and his Mirmidons advance:—Kind Heaven

Prepar'd a Frost to make their March more eaven

Easy and safe; it may be said, That year

Of th' High-ways Heaven it self was Overseer,

And made *November* ground as hard as *May*;

White as their Innocence, so was their Way:

The

The Clouds came down in Feather-beds, to greet
 Him and his Army, and to kiss their feet.
 The frost and foes both came and went together,
 Both th^u w^d away, & vanish'd God knows whither.
 Whole Countries crowded in to see this friend,
 Ready to cast their bodies down to mend
 His Road to *Westminster*; and still they shout,
 Lay hold of th' *Rump*, and pull the *Monster* out:
 A new one, or a whole one (*Good my Lord*)
 And to this cry the Island did accord,
 The Echo of the Irish hollow ground
 Heard *England*, and her language did rebound.

X I.

PRESTO-Jack Lambert, and his Sprights are gone
 To dance a Jig with's brother *Oberon*:
 George made him, and his Cut-throats of our lives,
 Swallow their swords as Juglers do their Knives.
 And Carter *Disborough* to wish in vain,
 He now were Waggoner to *Charles* his Wain.
 The Conqueror is now come into th' South,
 Whose warm Air is made hot by every mouth;
 Breathing his welcome, and in spite of *Scot*,
 Crying—*The whole Child* (Sir) *divide it not*:
 The Rump begins to stink; Alas! (cry they)
 W^e have rais'd a Devil which we cannot lay.
 I like him not—His Belly is so big,
 There's a King in't, cries furious *Hafsling*,

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(17)

Let's bribe Him (they cry all) Carve him a share
Of our stolen Venison. --- Varlets for bear.
In vain you put your Lime-twigs to his hands
George Monck *is for the King, not for his Lands,*
When fair means would not do, next foul they try,
Vote him the City Scavenger, (they cry)
Send him to scowr their Streets. -- Well, let it be;
Your Rumpship wants a scowring too, (thinks he)
That foul house where your Worthships many year
Have laid your Tail, sure wants a Scavenger:
I smell your Fizzle, though it make no Crack,
You'd mount me on the Cities galled Back,
In hope she'll cast her Rider: If I must
Upon some Office in the Town be thrust,
I'll be their Sword-bearer, -- and to their Dagger
I'll joyn my Sword: -- Nay, (*good Rump*) do not
The City feasts me, and as sure as Gun) (swaggers,
I'll mend all *Englands* Commons ere I've done.

XII.

ANd so he did: One morning next his heart
He goes to *Westminster*, and play'd his part,
He vamp'd their boots (which *Hex* as he, could do)
With better leather, made them go upright too.
The Restor'd Members (*Caro*-like, no doubt)
Did only enter that They might go out:
They did not mean within those Walls to dwell,
Nor did they like their Company so well:
Yet

Yet Heav'n so blest them, that in three weeks space
 They gave both Church and State a better face;
 They gave *Booth, Massy, Brown*, some kinder lots;
 The last years Traytors, this years Patriots:
 The Churches poor Remainder they made good;
 And wash'd the Nations Hands of Royal Blood;
 And that a Parliament (they did devise)
 From its own ashes (*Phœnix*-like) might rise;
 This done, By *Act* and *Deed* that might not fail,
 They pass'd a Fine, and so cut off th' *Entail*.

XII.

Let the Bells ring these Changes now from *Bon*
 Down to the Country Candlesticks below;
 Ringers, hands off; The Bells themselves will dance
 In memory of their own deliverance.
 Had not *George* shew'd his Metal, and said Nay,
 Each Sectary had born the Bell away: (Crew)
 Down with them all, they'r Christn'd (cry'd that
 Tye up their Clappers, and the Parsons too;
 Turn them to Guns, or sell them to the *Dutch*.
 Nay, hold, (quoth *George*) my Masters, that's too
 You'll not leap o're Steeples thus, I hope (much
 I'll save the Bells, but you may take the Rope.
 Thus lay *Religion* panting for her life,
 Like *Isaac*, bound under the bloody knife;
George held the falling Weapon, sav'd the Lamb:
 Let *Lambert* (in the Briars) be the *Ram*.

So lay the Royal Virgin (as 'tis told)
 When brave S. George redeem'd her life, of old.
 Oh that the Knaves that have consum'd our Land,
 Had but permitted Wood enough to stand
 To be his Bonfires;-- Wee'd burn every stem,
 And leave no more but Gallow-trees for them.

XIV.

MArch on, *Great Heroe* ! as thou hast begun;
 And crown our *Happiness* before th'ast done
 We have another *CHARLES* to fetch from *Spain*,
 Be thou the *GEORGE* to bring him back again:
 Then shalt thou be (what was deny'd that Knight)
 Thy Princes, and the Peoples Favorite.
 There is no danger of the *Winds* at all,
 Unless together by the Ears they fall,
 Who shall the honour have to waft a King ?
 And they who gain it, while they work shall sing.
 Methinks I see how those Triumphant Gales,
 Proud of the great Employment, swell the Sails :
 The joyful Ship shall dance, the Sea shall laugh,
 And loyal Fish their Masters health shall quaff :
 See how the *Dolphins* croud and thrust their large
 And scaly shoulders, to assist the Barge ;
 The peaceful Kingfishers are met together
 About the Decks and prophetic calm weather ;
 Poor Crabs and Lobsters are gone down to creep,
 And search for Pearls and Jewels in the deep ;
 And

And when they have the booty,---crawl before,
And leave them for his welcome to the Shore.

XV.

ME-thinks I see how throngs of people stand
Scarce patient till the Vessel come to Land
Ready to leap in, and if need require,
With Tears of Joy, to make the waters higher.
But what will *London* do? I doubt Old *Paul*
With bowing to his Sovereign will fall,
The Royal Lyons from the Tower shall roar,
And though they see him not, yet shall adore:
The Conduits will be ravish'd, and combine
To turn their very water into Wine:
And for the Citizens, I only pray
They may not over-joy'd all die that day:
May we all live more loyal and more true,
To give to *Cæsar* and to God their due.

Wee'l make his Fathers Tomb with tears to swim
And for the Son we'll shed our blood for him.
England her penitential Song shall sing,
And take heed how she quarrels with her King.

If for our sins—our Prince shall be mislaid,
Wee'l bite our nails, rather than scratch our head.

XVI.

ONe English *George* out-weighs alone (by odds)
 A whole Committee of the Heathen Gods;
 renounce but *Monck*, and (it is all his due)
 he is our *Mercury*, *Mars*, and *Neptune* too.
Monck (what great *Xerxes* could not) prov'd the
 that with a word shackled the Ocean; [man
 he shall command *Neptune* himself to bring
 his Trident, and present it to our King.
 Oh do it then, great Admiral: — Away,
 let him be here against St. *George's* day;
 that *Charls* may wear His *Dieu Et Mon Droit*,
 and Thou the Noble Garter'd *Honi Soit*.
 And when thy Aged Corps shall yield to Fate,
 God save that soul that sav'd our *Church* and *State*:
 There thou shalt have a glorious Crown, I know,
 Who Crown'dst our King and Kingdoms here be-
 fore who shall find a Pen fit for thy glory; (low.
 Or make Posterity believe thy Story?

Viva St. GEORGE,

B 3

The



THE

TRAGEDY

OF

Mr. *Christopher Love,*

Late Minister of the Gospel;

Acted upon

TOWER-HILL,

August 22. 1651.

The Prologue.

NEW from a slaughter'd Monarchs Hearse
(com
A Mourner to a Martyr'd Prophet's Tomb
Pardon, great *Charls* his Ghost, my Muse had stood
Yet three years longer, till sh' had wept a Flood
Too mean a Sacrifice for Royal Blood.

B

But she must go, Heav'n does by Thunder call
 For her Attendance at *LOVE's* Funeral :
 Forgive, great Sir, this Sacrilege in me,
 The tenth Tear he must have, it is his Fee;
 'Tis due to him, and yet 'tis stoln from Thee.

The Argument.

'Twas when the Raging Dog did rule the Skies,
 And with his scorching Face did tyrannize,
 When cruel *Cromwel*, Whelp of that mad Star,
 But sure more fiery than his Sire by far,
 Had dry'd the *Northern Fife*, and with his heat
 Put frozen *Scotland* in a Bloody Sweat :
 When he had conquer'd, and his furious Train
 Had chas'd the North-Bear, & pursu'd *Charles* Wain
 Into the *English* Orb ; then 'twas thy fate
 (Sweet *LOVE*) to be a Present from our State.
 A greater Sacrifice there could not come,
 Than a Divine, to bleed his Welcome home,
 For He, and *Herod* think no Dish so good,
 As a *John Baptists Head*, serv'd up in Blood.

ACT. I.

The *Philistims* are set in their High Court,
 And *Love*, like *Samson's* fetch'd to make them sport :
 Unto the Stake the smiling Prisoner's brought :
 Not to be try'd, but baited, most men thought :

B 4

Monsters,

Monsters, like Men, must worry him ; and thus
 He fights with Beasts, like *Paul* at *Ephesus*.
Adams, Far, Huntingtons, with all the Pack
 Of foisting Hounds, were set upon his Back.
Prideaux and *Keeble* stand and cry, Halloo ;
 'Twas a full Cry, and yet it would not do.
 Oh how he foil'd them ! Standers by did swear,
 That he the Judge, and they the Traitors were :
 For there he prov'd (although he seem'd a Lamb)
 Stout, like a Lion, from whose Den he came.

ACT. II.

It is decreed ; nor shall thy Worth, dear *Love*,
 Resist their Vows, nor their Revenge remove.
 Though Pray'rs were join'd to Pray'rs, & tears to
 No Softness in their Rocky Hearts appears : [tears,
 Nor Heav'n nor Earth abate their Fury can,
 But they will have thy Head, thy Head, good Man,
 Sure some She-Sectary longed, and in haste
 Must try how *Presbyterian* Blood did taste.
 'Tis fit she have the best, and therefore thine,
 Thine must be broach'd, blest Saint ! 'tis Drink di-
 No sooner was the dreadful Sentence read, [vine,
 The Prisoner straight bow'd his condemned Head ;
 And by that humble Posture told them all,
 It was a Head that did not fear a fall.

ACT.

ACT. III.

And now I wish the fatal Stroke were given;
 I'm sure our Martyr longs to be in Heaven,
 And Heav'n to have him there: one moments blow
 makes him triumphant; but here comes his wo,
 His Enemies will grant a Months Suspence,
 't be for the nonce to keep him thence:.)
 And that he may tread in his Saviours ways,
 He shall be tempted too, his forty days:
 And with such baits too, Cast thy self but down,
 Fall, and but worship, and your Life's your own.
 Thus cry'd his Enemies; oh 'twas their pride,
 To wound his Body, and his Soul beside.
 One Plot th'have more, when all their own do fail
 If Devils can't, Disciples may prevail.
 Lets tempt him by his Friends, make *Peter* cry,
 Good Master, Spare thy self, and do not die.
 One Friend entreats, a second weeps, a third
 Cries, Your Petition wants the other word:
 I'll write it for you, saith a fourth; Your Life,
 Your Life, Sir, cries a fifth, Pity your Wife,
 And the Babe in her: Thus this Diamonds cut
 By Diamonds only, and to terror put.
 Methinks I hear him still, You wound my heart;
 Good Friends, forbear; for every word's a Dart:
 'Tis cruel pity, thus I do profess,
 You'd love me more, if you did love me less:
 Friends,

C T.

Friends, Children, Wife, Life, all are dear, I know
 But all's too dear, if I should buy them so.
 Thus, like a rock that routs the waves, he stands,
 And snaps asunder, *Sampson* like, these bands.

ACT. IV.

The Day is come, the Prisoner longs to go,
 And chides the ling'ring Sun for tarrying so :
 Which blushing seems to answer from the Sky,
 That it was loth to see a Martyr dye.
 Methinks I heard beheaded Saints above
 Call to each other, Sirs, Make room for *LOVE*.
 Who when he came to tread the fatal Stage,
 (Which prov'd his Glory, and his Enemies rage)
 His Blood ne'r run t'his heart, Christs Blood was
 Reviving it, his own was all to spare : (there
 Which rising in his Cheeks, did seem to say,
 Is this the Bloud you thirst for ? Tak't, I pray.
 Spectators in his Looks such Life did see,
 That they appear'd more like to die than he.
 But oh his Speech ! methinks I hear it still ;
 It ravish'd Friends, and did his Enemies kill :
 His keener Words did their sharp Ax exceed ;
 That made his head, but he their hearts, to bleed :
 Which he concluded with soft Prayer, and so
 The Lamb lay down, and took the Butchers blow ;
 His Soul makes Heav'n shine brighter by a Star,
 And now we're sure there's one Saint *Christoph*.

ACT.

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ACT. V.

LOVE lies a bleeding, and the World shall see
 Heav'n act a part in this black Tragedy.
 The Sun no sooner spy'd the Head o'th' floor,
 But he pull'd in his own, and look'd no more.
 The Clouds, which scattered, and in colours were,
 Met altogether, and in black appear:
 Light'nings, which fill'd the Air with blazing light,
 Did serve for Torches at that dismal Night:
 In which, and all next day, for many hours,
 Heav'n groan'd in Thunder, & did weep in Show'rs.
 Nor do I wonder, that God thundered so,
 When's *Boanerges* murdered lay below: (*Keble,*
 The High Court trembled, *Prideaux, Bradshaw,*
 And all the guilty Rout, look'd pale and feeble.
 Timorous *Jenkins*, and cold-hearted *Drake*,
 Hold out, you need no base Petitions make:
 Your Enemies thus Thunder-struck, no doubt,
 Will be beholding to you to go out.
 But if you will recant, now thundering Heaven
 Such Approbation to *Love's* cause hath given,
 I'll add but this; Your Consciences perhaps,
 Ere long, shall feel far greater Thunder-claps.

The

The Epilogue.

But stay, my Muse grows fearful too, and must
 Beg that these Lines be buried with thy Dust:
 Shelter, blest'd *Love*, this verse within thy Shroud,
 For none but Heav'n dares take thy part aloud.
 The Author begs this, lest, if it be known.
 Whilst he bewails thy Head, he lose his own.

R. W.

UPON

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UPON

The much to be Lamented

DEATH

OF THE

Reverend Mr. *Vines*.

ARt thou gone too (thou great & gallant mind)
 And' must such Sneaks as I be left behind?
 If thus our Horsemen and Commanders die,
 What can the Infantry do then but fly?
 Oh Divine *Vines*! tell us, why wouldst thou go,
 Unless thou couldst have left thy Parts below?
 If there's a *Metempsychosis* indeed,
 Tell us where we may find thee at our need?
 Who hath thy Memory? thy Brain, thy Heart?
 Whom didst thou leave thy Tongue? (for ev'ry part
 Of thee can make a Man.) What if we find
 (As I'll not swear this Age won't change her mind)
Prelacy (though her Lands are sold) revive?
 Or *Independency* (who hopes to thrive,

No

(30)

No where suits Trump) should dare dispute at
length?

Where near thou left thy *Presbyterian* Strength,
With which thou got'st the Game in th' Isle of
Wight.

Where the King cry'd that *Vines* was in the right
When *Essex* dy'd (the Hero out of our Nation)
Thou gav'st him a new life in thy Oration.

But when great *Fairfax* to his Fate shall yield,
Whom hast thou left--to fetch from *Naseby*-field
Th' *Immortal Turf*, and dress it with a Story,
That shall perpetuate his name and glory?

Where's thy rich Fancy (man?) To whom (beneath)
Didst thou thy lofty and high strain bequeath?
Tell us for thy own sake; for none but he
That hath thy Wit, can write thy Elegie.

Till he be found, let this suffice, which I
Leave on thy Stone: — *Here lies the Ministry.*

R. W.

TO THE M E M O R Y

O F

Mr. *Jeremy Whitaker,*

Powerful in Prayer and Preaching,
Pious in Life, Patient in Sick-
ness, &c.

NAY, now forbear; for pity sake give o're,
You that would make the Clergy none, or
We are made miserable enough this year, (poor:
That we have lost our Reverend *Whitaker*;
Loss above Deans and Chapters! had but he
Liv'd still and preach'd: *Ziba* take all (for me.)
Nay I believe had sacrilegious hands
Finger'd our poor remains of Tithes and Lands,
Whil'st he surviv'd they had but pray'd in vain,
Whitaker would have pray'd them back again, As

As *Luther* did a young mans Soul repeal,
 Giv'n o'the Devil under Hand and Seal,
 A Chariot and an Horseman we have lost,
 In whose each single Pray'r incamp'd an Host.
 How have I heard him on some solemn Day,
 When doubtful War could make all *London* pray,
 Mount up to Heav'n with armed cries and tears,
 And rout, as far as *York*, the Cavaliers!
 Have you not seen an early-rising Lark
 Spring from her Turf, making the Sun her mark
 Shooting her self aloft, yet higher, higher,
 Till she had sung her self into Heaven's Quire?
 Thus would he rise in Pray'r, and in a trice
 His Soul become a Bird of Paradise :

And if our faint Devotions Prayers be,
 What can we call his lets than Extasie ?

On bis Preaching.

If with the Almighty he prevailed so,
 Wonder not that he Wonders wrought below :
 The Son of Consolation and of Thunder
 Met both in him, in others are asunder.
 He was (like *Luke*) Physician of both kinds,
 Wrought Cures upon Mens Bodies & their Minds
 The Falling-sickness of Apostacy,
 Dropsie of Drunkennes, Prides Tympany,
 The Meagram of Opinions, new or old,
 Palsie of Unbelief, Charities cold,

usts burning Fever, Angers Calenture,
 the Collick in the Conscience he could cure :
 et the souls broken bones ; by holy Art
 he hath dissolv'd the Stone in many a Heart,
 Harder than that he dy'd of—O come in,
 e multitudes whom he hath heal'd of sin,
 and thereby made his Debtors—Pay him now
 one of those tears which he laid out for you ;
 interest-tears, I mean ; for should you all
 keep over him both Use and Principal,
 I would wash away the Stone (which covers him)
 and make his Coffin (like an Ark) *to swift.*
 low wipe thine eyes (my Muse) & stop thy Verse
 Thy Ink can only serve to black his Hearse,) *to swift.*
 et (say) i'll drop one Tear, sigh one sigh more,
 Is this, although my Poetry be poor
 what a mighty Prophet should I be,
 ad this *Elijah's* Mantle saln to me !!
 h might I live his Life ! I'd be content
 is fore Diseases too should me torment :
 And if his Patience could mine become,
 I would not be afraid of Martyrdom.

R. W.

UPON



UPON THE

DEATH

OF

So many Reverend Ministers
of late.

Still we do find, Black cloth wears out the first
 And fruits that are the choicest keep the worst
 Such men ? So many ? and they die so fast ?
 They'r precious (death) on do not make such waste
 Scarce have we dry'd our eyes for loss of one,
 But in comes tidings that another's gone.
 Oh that I had my former Tears agen,
 (All but those few laid out upon my sin,)
 Had I an *Helicon* in either Eye,
 I have occasion now to verse them dry.
 Triumph (licentious Age) lift up thy Song,
Presbytery sha'nt trouble you ere long;
 Those that tormented you before your day,
 Are new apace removing out o'th' way.
 Yea, rather tremble (*England*) stand agast,
 To see thy glorious Lamps go out so fast;

Wine

When Death (like *Sampson*) thus lays hold upon
 The Pillars of the Church,—The Building's gone!
 When we do see so many Stars to fall,
 Surely, it boads the World's great Funeral.
London, look too't, and think what Heav'n is doing
 Thy Flames are coming when thy *Lots* are going,
 Well may we all fear God intendeth Wars,
 When he commands home his Embassadors.
 That Venerable Synod, which of late
 Was made the Object of Mens Scorn and Hate,
 (For want of Copes and Mitres, not of Graces)
 Are now call'd up (with *Moses*) and their Faces
 When they return, shall shine; God sees it fit,
 Such an Assembly should in Glory fit.
 The Learned *Twisse* went first, (it was his right)
 Then holy *Palmer*, *Borroughs*, *Love*, *Gonge*, *White*,
Hill, *Whitaker*, grave *Gataker*, and *Strong*,
Pern, *Marshall*, *Robinson*, all gone along.
 I have not nam'd them half: their only strife
 Hath been (of late) who should first part with Life.
 Those few who yet survive, sick of this Age,
 Long to have done their parts, and leave the Stage.
 Our English *Luther*, *Vines*, (whose Death I weep)
 Stole away (and said nothing) in a Sleep:
 Sweet (like a Swan) he preach'd that day he went,
 And for his Cordial took a Sacrament:
 Had it but been suspected—he would die,
 His People sure had stop'd him with their Cry.
 My blear-ey'd Muse ('tis tears have made her so)
 Must wash his Marble too, before she go.



A N

ELOGY

UPON THE

Earl of Essex

HIS

FUNERAL:

AND are there all the Rites that must be done
 A Thrice Noble *ESSEX*, *England's* Champion
 Some Men, some Walls, some Horses put in black
 With the Throng scrambling for Sweet-meats
 A gawdy Herald, and a Velvet Hearse, (and Sack;
 A tatter'd Anagram with grievous Verse,
 And a sad Sermon to conclude withall,
 Shall this be stil'd great *ESSEX's* Funeral?
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(37)

Niggardly Nation, be ashamed of th' odds,
Lest Valour among Heathen made men gods:
Should such a General have dy'd in Rome,
He must have had an Altar, not a Tomb;
And there, in stead of youthful Elegies,
Grave Senators had offer'd Sacrifice
To Divine *Deveraux*: O for a Vote,
(Ye Lords and Commons, ye are bound to do it)
A Vote, that who is seen to smile this year,
A Vote, that who so brings not in a Tear,
Shall be adjudg'd Malignant: It were wise
T' erect an Office in the Peoples eyes,
For issuing forth a constant sum of Tears,
There's no way else to pay him his Arrears:
And when w' have drein'd this Ages eyes quite
Let him be wept the next in History;
Which if Posterity shall dare to doubt,
Then *Glesters* whisp'ring Walls shall speak him
And so his Funeral shall not be done, (out:
Till he return i'th' Resurrection.

C 3

T 0



To the Father of a very vertuous Virgin, Deceased; who desired an obscure Person to make an Elegy, &c.

SIr, Be advis'd; She's not your Daughter now,
 But a crown'd Saint in Heav'n's great Court, &
 Must take heed what you offer to her Shrine; (you
 You'll be profane, if that be not Divine.
Sternhold (who kill'd the *Psalms*; and *David* too
 In Meeter and good meaning) did not do
 More violence to Heav'n, than you to her,
 If, whil'st you think't a kindness, you shall blur
 Her Honour with my Ink: 'tis a disgrace
 To set black Spots upon a glorious Face.
 Disdain will burst her Coffin (sure) to have
 Such dirty Feet as mine stand on her Grave.
 Besides, 'tis niggardly to weep in Verse,
 Tears without measure best become her Hearse,
 The talking Book is shallow, still we see
 Great Sorrows, like deep Rivers, silent be.
 Were I *Apollo's* Priest indeed, and fit
 To send a Poem up in flames of Wit,

Yet

Yet i'm but one ; Sir, to her Altar's due
 Whole Hecatombs of Verse, and Poets too.
 Go search St. *Paul's*-Church-yard, imploy choice
 To scan all Epitaphs and Elegies ; (eyes
 All the rich Fancies, sacred Raptures, all
 The Pearly drops which ever yet did fall
 On spotless Virgins Tombs; then make your claim
 Print and devote them to your Daughters name.
 Those vast *Hyperboles*, those lofty Notes,
 Which crackt the Muses Voices, rent their throats
 Offended scrup'lous Readers, made them think
 Poetry only strong Lines, and strong Drink,
 Allayed by her merit, soon will be
 Reduc'd to sober Truth, and Modesty,
 But stay, this counsel is but simple stuff,
 (*Englands* Divine) *Reynolds* hath done enough :
 His Sermon is her Monument in print,
 And hath more Honour than all Poems in't.
 That doth not only speak her Saint, and more,
 Can make him one too, who but reads it o're.
Reynolds records her Saint, and you may hope
 That's more than canonizing by a Pope.



IN

MEMORY

Of Mrs E. Z.

Who dyed *April 7. 1659.*

It was the Spring, and Flowers were in contest,
 Whose smells should first reach Heav'n, and
 please it best;

Then did *Eliza's* sweetness so surpass

All Rival Virgins, that she sent for was.

'Twas *April* when she dy'd; no Month so fit
 For Heav'n to be a mourner in, as it.

'Twas *Easter* too; that time did Death devise
 Best for this Lamb to be a Sacrifice.

It was the Spring; The way 'twixt Heav'n & Earth
 Was sweetned for her passage, by the Birth

Of early Flowers, which burst their Mothers
 Resolv'd to live and die upon her Tomb. (womb,

It was the Spring; Between the Earth and Sky,

To please her Soul as it was passing by,

Birds

Birds fill'd the Air with Anthems, every nest
Was on the Wing, to chaunt her to her Rest :
Not a Pen-feathered Lark, who ne'r try'd Wing,
Nor Throat ; but ventur'd then to fly, and sing :
Following the Saint towards Heav'n, whose en-
trance there

Damp't them, and chang'd their Notes. Then pen-
sive Air

Dissolv'd to tears, which spoil'd the feather'd Train
And sunk them to their nests with grief again.

Mean time, me thought, I saw at Heav'n's fair Gate
The glorious Vigin's meet, and kiss their Mate.

They stood a while her Beauty to admire

Then led her to her place in their own Quire ;

Which seem'd to be defective, untill she

Added her Sweetness to their Harmony.

As Meddals scatter'd when some Prince goes by,
So lay the Stars that night about the Sky.

The Milky Way too, (since she past it o're)

Methinks looks whiter than it was before.

AN

AN

EPI TAPH

Upon E. Z.

REader, didst thou but know what sacred Dust
 Thou tread'st upon, thou'dst judg thy self un-
 Shouldst thou neglect a shower of tears to pay, (if
 To wash the Sin of thy own Feet away.
 That Actor in the Play, who looking down
 When he should cry, *O Heav'n*,—was thought
 And guilty of a Solæcism.—might have (Clow
 Applause for such an Action o're this Grave.
 Here lies a piece of Heav'n, and Heav'n one day
 Will send the best in Heav'n to fetch't away.
 Truth is, this Lovely Virgin from her Birth
 Became a constant strife 'twixt Heav'n and Earth
 Both claim'd her, pleaded for her; either cry'd
 The Child is mine; at length they did divide:
 Heav'n took her Soul; The Earth her Corps did
 Yet not in Fee, she only holds by Lease; (seiz'd
 With this Proviso—when the Judge shall call
 Earth shall give up her share, and Heav'n have
 UPON

UPON

The Learned Works of the

Reverend DIVINE

Ed. Reynolds, D. D.

Reader, who e're thou art, here thou maist find
 Within these *works*, a rare, rich, glorious mind
 Golden Precepts, which, alike, do shew
 What's thy D stemper how to cure it too :
 Do pains opprefs thy Body ? Sorrow Mind ?
 Draw near to God, Pray'r will acceptance find ;
 And then no doubt, he'll grant, thy Bodies Grief
 May bring thy sinking soul some small Relief.
 Do Passions over-top thy will ? beware,
 Virtue consists not in so high a Sphere :
 If thou the Golden *Medium* wilt find,
 Shun thou too high, and too too low a mind. (fly,
 Pleasures are gilded Nothings, which like bubbles
 Swoln big with Emptiness so burst and die.
 Do darkest times of ignorance draw near ?
 The rather view these weighty Lines : nor fear,
 Nor wonder much at this resplendent Light :
 Diamonds shine brightest in the darkest night.
 Then

(44)

The Merchant-man fold all he had, to buy
The rich, rare, Gospel Jewel : O then why
Art thou so backward, since that thou mayst ma
This Gem thine own, yea, at a cheaper rate ?
The foolish Virgins, when their Lord of Light
Past by, their lights were out: So that eternal nig
Was their reward, and just ; for they that deem
Pains cost of greater worth, shall ne'r be seen
Within his Courts, who is great, good, and just.
Is Folly thus repaid ? Reader, we must

Look that it ne'r be said of thee or I,
That our Neglect should cause our light to die

R. W

LOOK

Another.

Ook wisely (friend) thou seldom see'st such
 Heav'n drops such Jewels down but now and
 then in an Age, or Nation: oh 'tis rare, (then,
 wo *Reginoldes* should fall to *Englands* share!
 could *Rome* but shew one such, and this were He,
 his Picture could not scape Idolatry:
 Whom Papists (not with Superstitious Fire)
 Would dare t'adore, we justly may admire.

R.W.

Aliud.

Earning, whose Forces did dispersed lie
 (Of late alarm'd by the Enemy)
 Calling a Council, did resolve at length,
 to chuse one General over all her strength:
 Divinity (who had the choice) did Name
Reginold:? All Voices center'd in the same:
 Now here he stands and heads such Books as bear
 Truth in their Van, and Triumph in their Rear.

R.W. AN

A N

E P I T A P H

For a Godly Mans Tomb.

Here lies a piece of Christ, a Star in Dust,
 A Vein of Gold, a *China* Dish that must
 Be us'd in Heav'n, when God shall Feast the Just.

A N

E P I T A P H

For a Wicked Mans Tomb.

Here lies the Carcase of a cursed Sinner,
 Doom'd to be Roasted, for the Devil's Din-
 ner.

A Letter to a Friend.

Generous Sir,

ON Saturday last (the Day and Weather being as sad and dumpish as old *Saturn* himself) whilst I was in my Study (my Books and my self mostly and melancholy) and my provisions for the next Day as poor as ever were made by Country Curate, sometimes scratching that which goes for my Head, and then biting my Nails for offending my Noddle; In comes your Friendly Letter (the welcomest Quarter-master that ever came to my House) to take up Quarters for that gallant Mans Works (and if ever Good Works merited, they do) Doctor *Reynolds*. Sir, They no sooner entered my Study--but all my Books seem'd to disappear, as the Stars do at the rising of the Sun: You cannot imagine what fear, shame, confusion, and envy, my poor Shelves discovered; Some poor Authors stood gasping--others tumbled down, and others burst their Bindings--resolving to break Prison, rather than stand before such a Judge of Learning. Those few Fathers (which I had) seem'd to meet in a Council, what they should do, whether stay or depart. Old *Origen* began, but he was so full of Allegories

Allegories, and whimsies, they could not tell what to say to him; but sure he and they all were troubled, for fear (good men) that they should now be ejected in their old Age. *Justin* thought that he should again be a Martyr, and burnt to light Tobacco. *Tertullian* began to make Apologies; and *Austin* himself fell to his Confessions and Retractions. As for *Hierom*, as good a Scholar as he was, he wished himself again on his Pilgrimage, and my poor Country-man *Bede* got into a Garret, and fell to his Beeds. On another shelf (for I have not many) my School-men looked like School boys, and stood with their strings untied, ready to be trusted for Correction. *Aquinas* himself wished he had not such sums to reckon for; and all the Popish Authors I had fell to crossing themselves. But what a case (if my stout Folios and old Authors fainted thus) do you think my Infantry—Modern men, my Quarto and Octavo Striplings were in? Yea, some of our own English (men of many Editions, & worthy to be bound and gilded gave back, and thrust one another: *Dod* and *Cleave* were both silenced; Doctor *Presbors* All-sufficiency pleaded Insufficiency——*Thomas Goodwin* pulled his Caps in his Eyes, and became a Child of Light in Darknes.—As for *John Goodwin*, he looked for a General Redemption of them all; but his Sabizer, poor *Pierce*, was afraid, at the Doctors coming in, that he and his corrected Copy, should be again sent to the House of Correction. As for

for my Pamphlets and trash, they crouded together; and having no manner of Cover for themselves, many of them wish'd *Giles Calvert* hang'd for Printing them, and themselves burn'd out of the way. Thus Sir, It was with my Study: But for my self, oh how I was revived and ravish'd! No sooner did that Book, big with Christ, enter and allure me (pardon the allusion) but my heart, like *John* in his Mothers belly, leap'd for joy. No sooner did open, and taste the Honey, but mine Eyes were enlightned, and I mended in an instant. The Vanity of the Creature made me serious, the Sinfulness of Sin humbled me, the Life of Christ quickned me; the 110 *Psalm* made me sing, the Lords Supper feasted me,—the Prophet *Hosea* inspired me, and the Passions exceedingly affected me. What shall I say, or do? I cannot hold, but must fall out of trotting heavy Prose into an amble of Rhyming. —

*From a kind Hand there came i' enrich a place
In my poor Study,—the rare Works and Face
Of Learned Reverend Reynolds—I receive
The Book with joy—but no Gift (by your leave)
And for the Book, and for my self, I vow
Ne'r bad Piece could make me Preach till now:
I'll pay for't (Sir) And — (which I ne'r shall do)
Then I can write such—you shall print them too.
Mean time I prophesie, this Volume will
Make both your Rose and Crown to flourish still.*

Sir

(50)

Sir, accept and pardon this trash, —next
Term I shall be in *London*, and then personally
prove what I now set my Hand to— (*viz.*) That
I am

Yours most Cordially,

R. W.



ALAN

Alas poor Scholar,
VWhither wilt thou go?

O R

*Strange Alterations which at this
time be,
There's many did think they never
Should see.*

I N a Melancholy Study,
None but my self,
Methought my Muse grew muddy;
After seven years Reading,
And costly breeding,
I felt, but could find no pelf:
Into Learned Rags
I've rent my Plush and Satten,
And now am fit to beg
In *Hebrew, Greek, and Latin*;
In stead of *Aristotle*,
Would I had got a Patten.
Alas poor Scholar! whither wilt thou go?

Cambridge

D 2

Cambridge now I must leave thee,

And follow Fate,

Colledge hopes do deceive me !

I oft expected

To have been elected,

But Deserts reprobate.

Masters of Colledges

Have no common Graces,

And they that have Fellowships

Have but common Places,

And those that Scholars are

They must have handsome faces;

Alas poor Scholar, who shall wilt thou go?

I have bow'd, I have bended,

And all in hope

One day to be befriended.

I have preach'd, I have printed

What e'r I hinted,

To please our *English* Pope :

I worship'd towards the East,

But the Sun doth now forsake me ?

I find that I am falling,

The Northern winds do shake me :

Would I had been upright,

For Bowing now will break me :

At great Preferment I aimed,
 Witness my Silk;

But now my hopes are mained:

I looked lately

To live most stately,

And have a Dairy of Bell-ropes Milk;

But now alas,

My self I must not flatter,

Bigamy of Steeples

Is a laughing matter;

Each man must have but one,

And Curates will grow fatter.

Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Into some Country Village

Now I must go,

Where neither Tythe nor Tillage

The greedy Patron

And parched Matron

Swear to the Church they owe:

Yet if I can Preach,

And pray too on a sudden,

And confute the Pope

At adventure, without studying,

Then ten pounds a year,

Besides a Sunday Pudding.

(54)

All the Arts I have skill in,
Divine and Humane,
Yet all's not worth a Shilling;
When the Women hear me,
They do but jeer me,
And say, I am profane:
Once, I remember,
I preached with a Weaver,
I quoted *Austin*.
He quoted *Dod* and *Clever*;
I nothing got,
He got a Cloak and Beaver:
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

Ships, Ships, Ships, I discover,
Crossing the Main;
Shall I in, and go over,
Turn Jew, or Atheist,
Turk, or Papist,
To *Geneva*, or *Amsterdam*?
Bishopricks are void
In *Scotland*, shall I thither?
Or follow *Windbank*
And *Finch*, to see if either
Do want a Priest to thrive them?
O no, 'tis blust'ring weather.
Alas poor Scholar, whither wilt thou go?

(55)

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it,
Peace good-man Fool;
Thou hast a Trade will fit it;
Draw thy Indenture,
Be bound at adventure
An Apprentice to a Free-School;
There thou mayst command
By *William Lylies* Charter;
There thou mayst whip, strip,
And hang, and draw, and quarter,
And commit to the Red Rod
Both *Will*, and *Tom*, and *Aribur*.
I, I, 'tis thither, thither will I go.

R. W.

D 4

THE

THE

Norfolk and Wisbich.

COCK-FIGHT.

By *R.W.*

GO you tame Gallants, you that have a Name,
 And would accounted be Cocks of the Game;
 That have brave Spurs to shew for't, and can crow,
 And count all Dunghil-breed, that cannot show
 Such painted plumes as yours; which think't no vice
 With Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice;
 Though Peacocks, Weathercocks, Woodcocks you
 If y'are not Fighting Cocks, y'are not for me. (be,
 I of two feathered Combatants will write;
 And he that means to th'life to express their Fight,
 Must make his Ink the blood which they did spill,
 And from their dying Wings must take his quill.
 No sooner were the doubtful People set,
 The Match made up, and all that would had bet;
 But straight the skilful Judges of the Play
 Brought forth their sharp-tooth'd Warriors; & they
 Were both in Linnen Bagges; & there meet
 Before they dy'd, to have their Winding-sheet.
 Into

into the Pit they'r brought, and being there
 upon the Stage, the *Norfolk* Chanticleer
 looks stoutly at his ne'r-before-seen Foe,
 and like a Challenger began to crow,
 and clap his Wings, as if he would display
 his Warlike colours, which were black and gray.
 In time the wary *Wishich* walks and breathes
 as active Body, and in fury wreaths
 as comely Crest; and often looking down,
 he beats his angry Beak upon the ground.
 This done, they meet, not like that coward Breed
 of *Asiops*'s; these can better fight then feed:
 they scorn the Dughil; 'tis their only prize
 to dig for Pearls within each others Eyes.
 They fought so nimbly, that 'twas hard to know,
 who th' skilful, whether they did fight or no;
 that the blood which dy'd the fatal floor,
 had not born witness of't. Yet fought they more,
 as if each wound were but a Spur to prick
 their fury forward. Lightnings not more quick
 or red, then were their Eyes: 'Twas hard to know
 whether 'twas blood, or anger made them so.
 In sure they had been out, had they not stood
 so safe, being walled in each others blood.
 As they vy'd blows; but yet, alas, a length,
 although their courage were full tri'd, their strength
 and blood began to ebb. You that have seen
 Watry Combat on the Sea, between
 two angry-roaring-boiling Billows, how
 they march, and meet, and dash their curled brow;
 Swelling

swelling like graves, as though they did intend
 T' intomb each other, ere the quarrel end ;
 But when the wind is down, and blustering weather
 They are made *friends*; & *sweetly* run together; (low
 May think these Champions such: their blood grow
 And they which leap'd but now, now scarce can give
 For having left th' advantage of the Heel,
 Drunk with each others blood, they only reel ;
 And yet they would fain fight : they came so near
 Methought they meant into each others ear
 To whisper wounds; and when they could not rise
 They lay and look'd blows int' each others eyes.
 But now the Tragick part ! After this fit,
 When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,
 And *Wich* lay a dying, so that none,
 Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
 Contracting, like a dying Taper, all
 His strength, intending with the blow to fall,
 He struggles up, and having taken wind,
 Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.
 And now poor *Norfolk*, having lost his Eyes,
 Fights guided only by Antipathies :
 With him, alas ! the Proverb is not true,
 The blows his Eyes ne'r saw, his heart must rue.
 At last, by chance, he stumbling on his Foe,
 Not having any strength to give a blow,
 He falls upon him with his wounded Head,
 And makes his Conquerors wings his Feather-
 His friends ran in, and being very chary, (bed.
 Sent in all haste to call a Potheary :

at all in vain, his body did so blister,
 that 'twas not capable of any Clyster.
 My sick's in vain, and 'twill not him restore;
 As poor Cock, he was let blood before
 then finding himself weak, op'ning his Bill,
 he calls a Scrivener, and thus makes his Will;
 First of all, let never be forgot,
 My Body freely I bequeath to th' Pot,
 Recently to be boyl'd; and for its Tomb,
 let it be buried in some hungry Womb,
 For Executors I'll have none,
 but he that on my side laid seven to one;
 and, like a Gentleman that he may live,
 To him, and to his Heirs, my Comb I give,
 together with my Brains, that all may know,
 that oftentimes his Brains did use to crow.
 Him, For Comfort of those Weaker ones
 Whose wives complain of, let them have my
 For Ladies that are light, it is my Will, (Stones
 My Feathers make a Fan. And for my Bill,
 I'll give a Taylor: But 'faith 'tis so short,
 I am afraid, he'll rather curse me for't.
 And for that worthy Doctor's sake, who meant
 To give me a Clyster, let my Rump be sent.
 Lastly, because I find my self decay,
 I yield, and give to *Wishich* Cock the day.

R.W.

UPON



UPON THE

DEATH

OF

Dennis Bond, Esq;

Who died four Dayes before the

LORD PROTECTOR

NOW whilst *Whiteball* wears black, and mends
 'Tis Treason any Colour else to wear; (fear
 Whilst Mourners, like a flock of Crows, resort
 To the great Lion's Carcase, at the Court;
 Whilst the sad Members of the Tother House
 (That Mountain wch last year brought forth a Mouse)
 Lament his Fall, who Madam'd all their Wives,
 And *Thurloe* wishes he had had nine Lives;
 Whilst some lament, he dy'd without an Ax,
 And fear the Funeral will cost Tax;
 Whilst cunning *Scotland* counterfeits a Groan,
 And *Ireland* cudgell'd into her *Ah*one;

Whilst

Whilst *England* puts her Finger in her Eye,
 and *Welchmen* ule their Leeks to make them cry;
 Whilst Grief doth chime All-in, and every Tribe
 cycled, Mayor and Aldermen, subscribe
 Or make their Marks at least) how full of Sadness
 that *Oliver* is dead, and eke of gladness
 that *Richard* reigns ! though the Slaves lie, I fear,
 or their old Gowns are lin'd with Cavalier :
 Whilst the sad Poetasters of the times
 haister the Hearse with miserable Rhymes,
 and I, poor Man, might mend my Fortune too,
 as sure as ever Lord *Hewson* mended Skoo,
 if I could baste my Muse, and make her go :
 by that great Ghosts leave, am well content
 to wait upon a meaner Monument ;
 yet fit to stand by this, if not above,
 as having, though less Pomp, yet no less Love;
 tis *Dennis Bond*, that true bred *English* Squire,
 whose worth, if my rude Fancy should aspire
 to reach the Sinews ; just, pious, valiant wife,
 able for Counsel or for Enterprize ;
 fit to set *Cato* Copies, if alive,
 able to make a Bankrupt Nation thrive ;
 In' Alchimy of whose single Judgement could
 Convert a Leaden Councel into Gold.
Atlas of State ! oh ! if King *Charls* that's gone,
 in stead of *Digby* and old *Corington*,
 Had had one *Dennis* ; he had stood till now,
 And kept the Crown fast on his Royal Brow.

Cromwell

NO 13

Whilst

Cromwel could not out-live him ; so our State
In one week lost their Pilot, and h's Mate :

And though he dy'd in's Bed, 'tis not deny'd ;

Yet was his Head struck off when *Dennis* dy'd.

Adieu, brave *Bond* ! My aged Muse shall burn

Her with' red Lawrel at thy sacred Urn.

Live thine own Monument, and scorn a Stone ;

Marbles themselves have flaws, thy Name has none

That plat of Earth which grasps thee in her womb

Proud of such Treasure, swells into a Tomb.

When the next Parliament together come,

And miss their Western Patriot from his room,

Despairing that their Meeting will not speed,

Grief will dissolve them, no Protector need.

R. W.

Upon

*Upon some Bottles of Sack and Claret,
laid in Sand, and covered with a
Sheet.*

ENTER, and see this Tomb (Sirs) do not fear
No Spirits, but of Wine, will fright you here :
Sleep o're this Tomb, your Sorrows here may have
Vine for their sweet Companions in the Grave.
A dozen *Shakespeare's* here interr'd do lie ;
Two dozen *Johnsons* full of Poetry.

Did not the Mother Hog'shead, from whose womb
These Babes sprang forth, burst when she saw this
Tomb,

and swell with grief ? Did not the Butler sink,
to see himself turn Sexton to his Drink ?

How were commendable Sacrilege, no doubt,
Should I come at your Grave, to steal you out :
However, from this thy anxious Grave I will
Some virtuous Ashes take, wherewith I'll fill
The Glass I preach by ; for I must be just,
There lies Divinity within thy Dust.

Unhappy Grape, could not one pressing do,
But now alive you must be buried too ?

Sleep on, but scorn to die, immortal Liquer :

The burying of thee thus will make thee quicker :

Mean while thy Friends pray loud, that thou maist
A speedy Resurrection from the Grave, (live

AN

Upon



A N

ESSAYS

Upon the late *VICTORY* obtained by
His Royal Highness the Duke of York

Against the *DUTCH*, upon *June 3. 1665*

By the Author of *Iter Boreale*.

GOUT! I conjure thee by the powerful Name
Of *CHARLES* and *JAMES*, and
their victorious Fames,

On this great Day set all thy Prisoners free,
(Triumphs command a Goal-Delivery)
Set them all free, leave not a limping Toe
From my *Lord ChanceHors* to mine below;
Unless thou giv'st us leave this day to dance,
Thou'rt north' old Loyal Gout, but com'st from
France.

'Tis done, my grief obeys the Sovereign Charms
I feel a Bonfire in my joynts, which warms
And thaws the frozen jelly; I am grown
Twenty years younger; Victory hath done
What puzzled Physick: Give the *Dutch* a Rout,
Probatum est, 'twill cure an *English* Gout.

Com

Come then, put nimble Socks upon my Feet;
 They shall be *Skippers* to our *Royal Fleet*,
 Which now returns in dances on our Seas,
 A Conqueror above *Hyperboles*.
 A Sea which with *Bucephalus* doth scorn
 Less than an *Alexander* should be born
 On her proud Back; but to a Loyal Rein
 Fields foaming Mouth, & bends her curled Main:
 And conscious that she is too strait a Stage
 For *Charls* to act on, swell'd with Loyal Rage,
 Urgeth the *Belgick* and the *Gallick* shore
 To yield more room, Her Master must have more;
 Ingrateful Neighbours! 'twas our kinder Isle,
 With Her own Blood, made Your *Geneva* Stile
 Writ in small Print [Poor States and sore Perplex:]
 Swell to the [HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS] in
 And can ye be such Snakes to sting that Breast [text;
 Which in your Winter gave you Warmth & Rest
 Poor *Flemish* Frogs; if Your Ambition thirst
 To swell to *English* Greatness, You will burst.
 Could you believe Our Royal Head would fail
 To nod those down, who fell before our Tail?
 Or could Your *Austrian* by her Commands,
 Make *London* carry Coals to warm her Hands?
 A bold attempt! Pray practice it no more;
 We sav'd our Coals, yet gave you fire good store.
 It is enough; The righteous Heavens have now
 Judg'd the Grand Quarrel betwixt us and you.
 The Sentence is—The Surface must be ours,
 But for the bottom of the Sea 'tis yours:

E

Thither

Thither your *Opdam* with some thousands, are
Gone down to take possession of your share.

Metinks There great *Triton* found a Call,
And through th' affrighted Ocean summon all
His scaly Regiments, to come and take (make
Part of that *Feast* which *Charls* their King doe
Where they may glut Revenge, quit the old score
And feed on those who fed on them before;
Whom when they have digested, who can find
Whether they're fish, or flesh, or what's their kind
Van-Cod, Van-Ling, Van-Herring, will be cry'd
About their Streets; All Fish, so *Dutch*ist'd.
The States may find their *Capers* in their Dish,
And meet their *Admirals* in butter'd Fish.
Thus they'l imbody and increase their Crew;
A cunning way to make each Dutch-man two.
And on themselves they now must feed or fast;
Their Herring Trade is brought unto its *Last*.

To the KING.

Great Sir, Belov'd of God and Man, admit
My Loyal zeal to run before my Wit.
This is my Pens miscarriage, not a Birth;
Her haste hath made her bring blind Puppies
My aims in this attempt, are to provoke, (forth,
And kindle flames more Noble by my snoak; My

My wisp of straw may set great Wood on Fire,
 And my weak Breath Your Organs may inspire.
 Amongst those Flags y^e have taken from the Dutch,
 Command your *Denham* to hang up his Crutch,
 He is a man both of his Hands and Feet,
 And with great numbers can your Navy meet,
 His Quacker Eye Your Conquest can surse, **Pray**
 His Hand, *York's* Temples Crown with flourishing
 Fuller (great Poet and true Prophet too)
 Those curious Pencil in Rich Colours drew
 The Type of the grand Triumph for your views, I
 The Fishers, (like their Herrings) bleeding new)
 With the same hand that gave the *W*orld the Sights
 Of what it must expect when *England* Fights.
 That Son and Heir of *Pindars* Muse and Fame,
 Your modest *Cowley*, with Your breath will flame,
 And make those *Belgick Beasts*, who live aspires
 To fall your Sacrifice in his pure Fire. [Wonder,
 He shall proclaim Our *JAMES* great *Nepene's*
 And, like a *Jove*, Fighting in Clouds and Thunder,

THE GRATEFUL

NON-CONFORMIST

O R,

Return of Thanks to Sir J. B. Knight
-who sent the Author Ten

CROWNS

1665.

TEN Crowns at once! and to one man! and
As despicable as bad Poets be!

Who scarce has Wit (If you require the same)

To make an Anagram upon your Name!

Or to out-rime a Barber, or prepare

An Epitaph to serve a *Quinbrough* Mayer!

A limping *Levite*! who scarce in his prime

Could wear an *Abigal*, or say Grace in rhyme!

Ten Crowns to such a Thing! Friend, 'tis a do

Able to raise dead *Ben*, or *Davenant's* Nose;

Able to make a Courtier prove a Friend,

And more then all of them in *Vicuals* spend.

This free, free-Parliament, whose gift doth four

Full five and twenty hundred thousand pound:

Y

You have out-done them, for yours was your own,
and some of it shall last when theirs is gon.

Ten Crowns at once ! and now at such a time,

When Love to such as I am, is a Crime

Greater then his Recorded in *Jane Shore*,

Who gave but one poor loaf to the starv'd Whore,

What, now to help a Non-Conformist ! Now

When Ministers are broke that will not bow !

When 'tis to be unblest to be ungirt !

To wear no Surplice, doth deserve no shirt :

No Broth, no Meat ; no Service, no Protection ;

No Cross, no Coin ; no Collect, no Collection !

You are a daring Knight, thus to be kind ;

Trusty Roger get it in the wind

See I smell a Plot, a *Presbyterian* Plot,

Especially for what you gave the *Scot* !

And if the Spiritual Court take fire from Crack,

They'l clap a Pariter upon your back :

Will make you shrug, as if you wore the Collar

Of a Cashier'd Red-coat, or poor Scholar.

What will you plead, Sir, if they put you to't ?

Was it the Doctor, or the Knight did do't ?

Did you as Doctor, flux some Usurer ?

And with your quick, did his dull Silver stir ?

Or did your Zeal, you a Knight-Templer make,

To give the Church the booties you should take ?

Or was it your desire to beg Applause ?

Or shew affection to the good old Cause ?

Was't to feed Faction, or uphold the stickle

Twixt the old Church and new Conventicle ?

E 3

No,

No, none of these; but I have hit the thing;
It was because you knew I lov'd the King.

Ten Crowns at once! Sir you'l suspected be
For no good Protestant, you are so free.
So much at once! sure you ne'r gave before,
Or else, I doubt, mean to do so no more.
This is enough to make a man protest
Religio Medici to be the best.

The Christians, for whose sakes we are undone
Would have cry'd out, oh! 'tis too much for one
E'er to give or take! what needs this wast?
Oh, how they love to have us keep a Fast!
Five private Meetings, (where at each, four me
In black coats, and white caps, (you'l call them
A team of Ministers) have tug'd all day, (the
Deserving Provender, but scarce got hey;
Where I my self have drawn my part some how
Have not afforded such return as yours.

I'de wish them watch, and keep me sober still;
Not want of guilt in them, nor want of will
In me, but want of Wine does make me lame,
Or else I'de sacrifice them to the flame
Of a high blazing Saryr. Here's a man
Who ne'r pretended at your rates, yet can
More freely feed us, with Wine and good Dishes
Then they (yet that's their alms) with sighs and

Oh, for a Rapture! how shall I describe (wishes
The love of thousands to their Reading Tribe!
Who so maintain'd them, when they lost their place;
They did not loose one pimple from their faces;

But after all, salt fraught with flesh and flaggon,
 Came forth like Monks, or Priests of Bel & Dragon
 One would have judg'd by their high looks & smells
 They had been kept in Cellars, not in Cells:

Where they grew big and batten'd; without doubt
 Some that went Firkins in, came Hogs heads out.
 But ours in two years time are skin and bones,
 And look like *Gran-dames*, or old *Apple Jobns*:

One *Lazarus* amongst us was too much,

But ere't be long we all shall look like such;

And when that comes to pass, the world shall see,

Who are the Ghostly Fathers, they or we;

And then our bellies (without better fare)

Will be as empty as their Noddles are:

Though we are silent, our guts will not be so,

But make a Conventicle as they go:

Poor *Colon* peace, and cease thy creaking din,

Thou art condemn'd to be a *Bitterlin*.

Niggardly Puritans! blush at the odds

Betwixt the *Bonners* and the meagre *Dodds*;

You give your Drink in Thimbles, they in *Bowls*;

Your Church is poor *St. Faiths* and theirs is *Pauls*;

And whilst you Priests and Altars do despise,

Your selves prove Priests, and we your Sacrifice.

But why do I permit my Muse to whine?

I wish my Brethren all such cheeks as mine,

And those that wish us well, such hearts as thine.

My Noble *Baber*, I have chosen you

For my Physician, and my Champion too;

(70)

Give me but sometimes such a dose, and I
Will ne'r wish other Cordial till I die,
And then Proclaim you a most Valiant Knight,
(Shew but such Mettle) though you never Fight.

TO



A
POEM
UPON THE
Imprisonment
OF
MR. CALAMY
In *NEWGATE*.

THIS Page I send you Sir, your *Newgate* Fate
Not to condole, but to congratulate.

I

I envy not our Mitred men, their Places,
Their rich Preferment's, nor their richer *Fate*:
To see them Steeple upon Steeple set,

As if they meant that way to Heaven to get.

I can behold them take into their Gills

A dose of Churches, as men swallow Pills,

And never grieve at it: Let them swim in Wine

While others drown in tears, i'le not repine,

But my heart truly grudges (I confess)

That you thus loaded are with happiness;

For so it is: And you more blessed are

In *Peter's* Chain, than if you seen's Chair.

One Sermon hath preferr'd you so much Honour,
A man could scarce have had from Bishop Bon-

ner;

Whist we (your Brethren) poor Erratics

You are a glorious fixed Star we see.

Hundreds of us turn out of House and Home,

To a safe Habitation you are come.

What though it be a Goal? Shame and Disgrace

Rise only from the Crime, not from the place.

Who thinks reproach or injuries is done

By an Eclipse to the unspotted *Sun*?

He only by that black upon his brow

Allures spectators more; and so do you.

Let me find Honey, though upon a Rod,

And prize the Prison, where my Keeper's *God*:

New.

Newgate or *Hell* were *Heav'n*, if *Christ* were there,

He made the Stable so, and Sepulcher.

Indeed the place did for your presence call;

Prisons do want perfuming most of all.

Thanks to the Bishop, and his good Lord Mayor,

Who turn'd the Den of Thieves into a House of Prayer:

And may some Thief by you converted be,

Like him who suffer'd in *Christ's* company.

Now would I had sight of your *Mittimus*;

Fain would I know why you are dealt with thus.

Taylor, set forth your Prisoner at the Bar,

Sir, you shall hear what your offences are.

First, It is prov'd that you being dead in Law

(As if you car'd not for that death a straw)

Did walk and haunt your Church, as if you'd scarce

Away the Reader and his Common-Prayer.

Nay 'twill be prov'd you did not only walk,

But like a *Puritan* your *Ghost* did talk.

Dead, and yet Preach! these *Presbyterian* slaves

Will not give over Preaching in their Graves.

Item, You play'd the Thief, and ist be so,

Good reason (Sir) to *Newgate* you should go:

And now you're there, some dare to swear you are

The greatest Pick-pocket that e're came there:

Your

Your Wife too, little better then your self you
make,

She is th' Receiver of each Purse you take.
But your great Theft, you act it in your Church,
(I do not mean you did your Sermon lurch,
That's crime *Canonical*) but you did pray
And preach, so that you stole mens hearts away.
So that good man to whom your place doth fall,
Will find they have no heart for him at all:
This Felony deserv'd Imprisonment;
What can't you *Non-conformists* be content
Sermons to make except you preach them too;
They that your places have, this Work can do.
Thirdly, 'tis prov'd, when you pray most devout
For all good men, you leave the Bishops out:
This makes Seer *Sheldon* by his powerful spell
Conjure and lay you safe in *Newgate-hell*:
Would I were there too, I should like it wel.
I would you durst swap punishment with me;
Pain makes me fitter for the company
Of roaring boys; and you may lie a bed,
Now your Name's up; pray do it in my stead,
And if it be deny'd us to change places,
Let us for sympathy compare our cases;
For if in suffering we both agree,
Sir, I may challenge you to pity me:
I am the older Goal-bird; my hard fate
Hath kept me twenty years in *Cripple-gate*;
Old *Bishop Gout*, that Lordly proud disease,
Took my fat body for his Diocess,

W here

Where he
And mak
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Your

Where he keeps Court, there visits every Limb;
 And makes them (*Levite*-like) conform to him;
 Severely he doth Article each joint,
 And makes enquiry into every point:
 A bitter enemy to preaching; he
 Hath half a year sometimes suspended me:
 And if he find me painful in my Station,
 Down I am sure to go next Visitation:
 He binds up, looseth; sets up and pulls down;
 Pretends he draws ill humours from the Crown:
 But I am sure he maketh such ado,
 His humors trouble Head and members too:
 He hath me now in hand, and e're he goes,
 I fear for *Hereticks* he'l burn my toes.
 O! I would give all I am worth, a fee,
 That from his jurisdiction I were free.

Now Sir, you find our sufferings do agree,
 The Bishop clapt up you, another me:
 But oh! the difference too is very great,
 You are allow'd to walk, to drink and eat,
 I want them all, and never a penny get.
 And though you be debar'd your liberty,
 Yet all your Visitors I hope are free,
 Good Men, good Women, and good Angels some
 And make your Prison better then your home.
 Now may it be so till your foes repent
 They gave you such a rich Imprisonment.
 May for the greater comfort of your lives,
 Your lying in be better then your Wives.

(76)

May you a thousand friendly papers see,
And none prove empty, except this from me.
And if you stay may I come keep your door,
Then farewell Parsonage, I shall ne'r be poor.

M^R.

Not kn

AND

Tis some
Calamy d
Tis grea
For had
It must b
Afflicted
In the sa



ON THE

DEATH

OF

M^R. CALAMY,

*Not known to the Author of a long
time after. Anno 1667.*

And must our Deaths be silenc'd too!

^{gues} Tis some dumb Devil hath possess'd the Press;

Calamy dead without a Publication!

Tis great injustice to our *English* Nation:

For had this Prophet's Funeral been known,

It must have had an Universal Groan;

Afflicted *London* would then have been found

In the same year to be both burn'd and drown'd;
And

And those who found no Tears their flames
quench,
Would yet have wept a Showre, his Herse
drench.

Methinks the Man who stuffs the Week
Sheet,
With fine New-Nothings, what hard Names do
meet:

The Emp'ress, how her Petticoat was lac'd,
And how her Lacquies Liveries were fac'd;
What's her chief Woman's Name; what Dons do
bring

Almonds and Figs to Spin's great little King:
Is much concern'd if the Pope's Toe but akes,
When he breaks Wind, and when a Purge
takes;
He who can gravely advertise, and tell
Where *Liveries* and *Robes* and *Pippins* dwell;
Where a Black-Box or Green-Bag was lost;
And who was Knighted, though not what it cost:
Methinks he might have thought it worth the
while,

Though not to tell us who the State beguile,
Or what new Conquest *England* hath acquired;
Nor that poor Trifle who the City fired;
Though not how Popery exalts its head,
And Priests and Jesuits their poyson spread;
Yet in swollen Characters he might let fly,
The Presbyterians have lost an Eye.

Had

ad Crackf——'s Fiddle been in tune, (but he
 now a Silenc'd Man as well as We)
 he had struck up loud Musick, and had plaid
 jig for joy that *Calamy* was laid;
 he would have told how many Coaches went;
 how many Lords and Ladies did lament;
 that Handkerchiefs were sent, and in them

Gold

to wipe the Widows, he would have told;
 all had come out, and we beholden all
 to him, for th' overflowing of his gall.

But why do I thus Rant without a cause ?

is not Concealment Policy ? Whose Laws

ty silly peevish Muse doth ill t' oppose:

or publick Losses no Man should disclose ;

and such was this, a greater loss by far,

One Man of God then twenty Men of War ;

it was a King, who when a Prophet dy'd,

Wept over him, and Father, Father cry'd.

o if thy Life and Ministry be done,

ly Chariots and Horsemen, strength is gone.

must speak sober words, for well I know

of Saints in Heaven do hear us here below,

A lye, though in his Praise, would make him
 frown,

And chide me, when with *Jesu* he comes down
 to judge the World.—— This little little He,

This silly, sickly, silenc'd *Calamy*,

Aldermanbury's Curate, and no more,

though he a mighty Miter might have wore,

F

Could

Could have vi'd Interest in God or Man,
 With the most pompous Metropolitan :
 How have we known him captivate a throng,
 And made a Sermon twenty thousand strong
 And though black-mouths his Loyalty dis-

charge,

How strong his tug was at the Royal Barge,
 To hale it home, great *GEORGE* can well at-

test,

Then, when poor Prelacy lay dead in 's nest;
 For if a Collect could not fetch him home,
Charles must stay out, that Interest was munn
 Nor did Ambition of a Miter, make
 Him serve the Crown, it was for Conscience
 sake.

Unbribed Loyalty ! his highest reach
 Was to be Master *Calamy*, and preach.

He blest'd the King, who Bishop him did name
 And I blest him who did refuse the same.
 O ! had our Reverend Clergy been as free
 To serve their Prince without Reward, as he,
 They might have had less Wealth with grea-

ter Love :

Envy, like Winds, endangers things above ;
 Worth, not Advancement, doth beget esteem
 The highest Weathercock the least doth seem.

If you would know of what disease he dy'd
 His grief was Chronical it is reply'd.

For had he opened been by Surgeons art,
 They had found *London* burning in his heart.

How

How many Messengers of death did he
 receive with Christian Magnanimity !

The Stone, Gout, Dropsie, Ills which did arise
 from Grievs and Studies, not from Luxuries ;
 the Megrim too, which still strikes at the Head ;

these he stood under, and scarce staggered.

Light he but work, though loaded with these
 Chains,

He Pray'd and Preach'd, and sung away his
 pains.

Then by a fatal Bill he was struck dead,

and though that blow he ne're recovered,

For he remained speechless to his close)

Yet did he breath, and breath out Prayers for
 those

from whom he had that wound : he liv'd to
 hear

An hundred thousand buried in one Year,

In his Dear City, over which he wept,

And many Fasts to keep off Judgments kept ;

Yet, yet he liv'd, stout heart, he liv'd to be

Depriv'd, driv'n out, and kept out, liv'd to see
 Wars, Blazing-Stars, Torches, which Heav'n nev'r
 burns,

But to light Kings or Kingdoms to their Urns.

He liv'd to see the Glory of our Isle,

London, consumed in its Funeral Pile.

He liv'd to see that lesser day of Doom,

London, the Priests Burnt-sacrifice to Rome ;

That blow he could not stand, but with the
Fire,

As with a Burning Feaver, did expire.

Thus dy'd this Saint, of whom it must be said
He dy'd a Martyr, though he dy'd in's bed.

So Father *Eli* in the Sacred page

Sav' quivering with fear, as much as age,

Longing to know, yet loth to ask the News,

How it far'd with the Army of the *Jews*.

Israel flies, that struck his Palsie-head;

The next blow stunned him, *Tear-Sons* a
dead;

But when the third stroke came, *The Ark*
lost;

His heart was wounded, and his life it cost.

Thus fell this Father, and we well do know

He fear'd our Ark was going long ago.

He
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The

The EPITAPH.

Here a poor Minister of Christ doth lie,
Who did INDEED a Bishopprick
deny.

When his Lord comes, then, then the World
shall see

Such bumble Ones, the rising-Men shall be.

How many Saints whom be had sent before,

Shouted to see him enter Heavens door :

There his blest Soul beholds the face of God,

While we below groan out our Ichabod,

Under his burned-Church his Body lies,

But shall it self a glorious Temple rise :

May his kind flock when a new Church they
make,

Call it St. Edmundsbury for his sake.

R. W.



T H E

Loyal-Nonconformist;

O R

An Account what he dare swear
and what he dare not swear.

Published in the year, 1666.

I Fear an Oath, before I swear to take it;
And well I may, for 'tis the Oath of

God:

I fear an Oath, when I have sworn, to break
it:

And well I may, for Vengeance hath a Root

And yet I may swear, and must too, 'tis due

Both to my Heav'nly, and my Earthly King

If I assent, it must be full and true;

And if I promise, I must do the thing,

I am no *Quaker*, not at all to swear ;
Nor *Papist*, to swear East, and mean the
West ;

But am a *Protestant*, and shall declare
What *I cannot*, and what *I can* protest.

I never will endeavour Alteration
Of Monarchy, nor of that Royal Name,
Which God hath chosen to command this Na-
tion,

But will maintain his Person, Crown and
Fame :

What he commands, if *Conscience* say not nay,
(For *Conscience* is a greater King than he)
For *Conscience-sake*, not *Fear*, I will obey ;
And if not *Active*, *Passive* I will be,

I'll pray that all his Subjects may agree,
And never more be crumbled into parts ;
I will endeavour that his Majesty
May not be King of *Clubs*, but King of
Hearts.

The *Royal Oak* I swear I will defend ;
But for the *Ivy* which doth hug it so,
I swear that is a Thief, and not a friend,
And about Steeples fitter far to grow.

The Civil-Government I will obey ;
But for Church-Policy I swear I doubt it ;
And
F 4

And if my Bible want th' *Apoerypha*,
I'll swear my Book may be compleat with
out it.

I dare not swear Church-Government is right
As it should be ; but this I dare to swear
(If they should put me to't) the Bishops might
Do better, and be better than they are.

Nor will I swear for all that they are worth,
That Bishopricks will stand, and Doomday
see ;

And yet I'll swear the Gospel holdeth forth
Christ with his Ministers till then will be.

That *Peter* was a Prelat they aver ;

But I'll not swear't when all is said and
done :

But I dare swear, and hope I shall not err,
He preach'd a hundred Sermons to their one.

Peter a Fisher was, and he caught Men :

And they have Nets, and in them catch Men
too ;

Yet I'll not swear they are alike, for them

He caught he sav'd : these catch, and them
undo.

I dare not swear that Courts Ecclesiastick

Do in their Laws make just and gentle
Votes ;

But

But I'll be sworn that *Burton, Prye* and *Bastwick*
Were once *Ear-witnesses* of harsher Notes.

Archdeacons, Deans and Chapters are brave men,
By Canon, not by Scripture: but to this,
If I be call'd, I'll swear, and swear agen,
That no such *Chapter* in my Bible is.

I'll not condemn those *Presbyterians*, who
Refused *Bishopricks*, and might have had 'em:
But *Mistris Calamy* I'll swear doth do
As well as if she were a *Spiritual Madam*.

I will not swear, that they who this Oath take,
Will for Religion e're lay down their Lives:
But I will swear they will good *Juglers* make,
Who can already swallow down such *Knives*.

For Holy Vestments I'll not take an Oath
Which Linnen most Canonical may be;
Some are for *Lawn*, some *Holland*, some *Scots-*
cloth;
And *Hemp* for some is fitter than all three.

Paul had a Cloak, and Books, and Parchments
too;

But that he wore a *Surplice* I'll not swear,
Nor that his Parchments did his *Orders* shew,
Or in his Books there was a *Common-Prayer*.

I

I owe assistance to the King by Oath ;

And if he please to put the Bishops down,

As who knows what may be, I should be loth

To see *Tom Becket's* Miter push the Crown.

And yet Church-Government I do allow,

And am contented Bishops be the men ;

And that I speak in earnest, here I vow

Where we have one, I wish we might have
ten.

In fine, the Civil Power I'll obey,

And seek the Peace and Welfare of the Na-
tion :

If this won't do, I know not what to say,

But farewel *London*, farewel *Corporation*.

R.W.

THE

THE
RECONTANTATION
OF A
Penitent PROTEUS;
OR,
The CHANGLING.

As it was acted with good Applause in *St. Maries* in Cambridge, and *St. Pauls* in London, 1663.

To the Tune of Dr. Faustus.

London, Re-printed in the year,
1668.



Proteus his penal Resoluti-
on, speaking alone in the
Tyring-house before his
entring the Pulpit.

O H I am almost mad, 'twould make one
so,
To see which way *Preferments* game
doth go.

I ever thought I had her in the *Wind*,
And yet I'm cast above *three years* behind.

Three times already I have turn'd my Coat;
Three times already I have chang'd my Note:
I'll make it *four* and *four* and *twenty* more,
And turn the Compals round ere I'll give ore.

Love to *Church-members* I will give no more;
For now I'll only court the *Scarlet Whore*.
I'll ask the *Bishops* blessing; and good-night
To *Thomas Goodwyn*, and his *Child of Light*.
Poor

Poor man, he wears his Capps too much in
eyes

To be my Guide; No, I must be *more wise*.
On all my *Brethren* I will look awry,
And cry, *Stand farther off to Philip Nye*.

Ambition, my great Goddess and my Muse,
Inspire thy *Propets* all such Arts to use,
As may exalt; Betwixt this and my Grave
A *Miser*, or a *Halter*, I must have.

Tell me (*Ambition*) prethee tell me why
So many *Dunces* Doctors and not I?
A *Scarlet Gown* I must and will obtain,
I cannot else commence a *Priest in grain*.

Among the *Doctors* I can get no room
Till I *recant*; that is my shameful doom:
Hang shame, I'll do it, and my end's to gain;
I'll *cant, recant*, and *re-recant* again.

Now help me great *Ambition*, for thy sake
To *break my sleep*, to *break my Brains*, to *break*
My *Faith* and *Oats*, and so to act my part,
That men may think I have a *broken Heart*.

When I do preach my *tears do trickle down*;
But in my *sleeve* (my Cassock sleeves and Gown)
I *laugh*, to think how by my *whining trade*
So many Fools in one day I have made.

Help

Help me, my *Muse*, a new Song I desire
 By thee may be prepared for the *Quire*,
 That when my *Recantation Sermon's* done,
 This *Penitential Anthem* may be sung.

But yet one thing ere I begin, I crave
 A benefit, which Poets use to have,
 That now and then, to make my Rimes agree,
 What ends in *Lie*, may be pronounced *LEE*.

The Second Part;

Or, the

Changling in the Pulpit.

To the same Tune.

A Ttend good People, lay by scoffs and
 fcorns,
 Let *Round-beads* all this day pull in their

Horns,
 But let *Conformists* and brave *Cavaliers*
 Unto my doleful Tone prick up their Ears.
 Take

Take from my neck this *Robe*, a *Rop*'s more fit
And turn this *Serpice* to a *Penance-sheet*,
This Pulpit is too good to act my part,
More fit to preach at *Tyburn* in a Cart :

There I deserv'd t' have taken my degree,
And Doctor *Dan* should have presented me;
There with an *Hempen Hood* I should be sped,
And his *three-corner'd Cap* should crown my head.

Here I am come to hold up guilty hand,
And of the *Beast* to give my self the *brand*;
Here, by confessing I have been i'th wrong,
I come to *bare my self* through my own *wrong*.

In Learning my poor Parents brought up me,
And sent me to the Univerſitie;
There I ſoon found *bowing* the way to *riſe* :
And th' only *Logick* was the *Falacies*.

In ſtead of *Aristotles Organon*,
Anthems and Organs I did ſtudy on ;
If I could play on them, I ſoon did find,
I rightly had Preferment in the *wind*.

I follow'd that hot ſcent without controul;
I bow'd my body, and I ſung *Fa Sol*;
I cozen'd Doctor *Conſent*, and ere long
A Fellowſhip obtained for a *Song*.

Then

then by degrees I climb'd, until I got
 Good Friends, good *Cloaths*, good *Commons*, and
 what not?

I got so long, until at length I got
 A *Wench* with Child, and then I got a blot.

Before the *Confessory* I was try'd,
 Where like a Villain I both swore and ly'd,
 and from *the Whore* I made I was made free,
 by purging of my self *Incont'nent-LEE*.

But as I scorn'd to father mine own Brat,
 'Twas done to me as I had done with Thar;
 The Doctors all, when Doctor I would be,
 as a *base son*, refus'd to father me.

With much ado, at length by art and cunning,
 My Tears & Vows prevail'd with *Peter Gunning*
 Me to adopt; and for his love and care,
 I will devote my self to *Peter's Chair*.

Cambridge I left with grief and great disgrace;
 To seek my fortune in some other place;
 And that I might the better save my stake,
 I took an *Order*, and did *Orders* take.

Amongst *Conformists* I my self did list,
 A *Son o'th Church* as good as ever pist.
 But though I bow'd, and cring'd, & crost & all,
 I only got a Vicarage very small.

Ere

G

Ere I, was warm (and warm I ne're had bin
 In such a *starved hole* as I was in)
 A *Fire* upon the Church and Kingdom came,
 Which I straight helpt to blow into a *flame*.

The Third Part.

MY Confidence first, like *Balaam's Ass*,
 was shy,
 Boggled and winc'd; which when I did espy,
 I cudgeld her, and spur'd her on each side,
 Until the Jade her paces all could ride.

When first I mounted on her tender back,
 She would not leave the *Protestant dull Rack*,
 Till in her mouth the *Cov'nant Bit* I got,
 And made her learn the *Presbyterian Trot*;

'Twas an hard Trot, and fretted her (alas)
 The *Independent Amble* easier was,
 I taught her that, and out of that to fall
 To the *Tanistry of Prelatical*.

I rode her once to *Rumford* with a pack
 Of Arguments for th' Cov'nant on her back.
 That Journey she perform'd at such a rate,
 Th' Committee gave me a rich *piece of Plate*.

From *Halfeld* to *St. Albans* I did ride,
The Army call'd for me to be their *Guide*;
There I so spur'd her, that I made her fling,
Not only *dirt*, but *blood* upon my *King*.

When *Cromwel* turn'd his Masters out by force;
I made the Beast draw like a *Brewers horse*;
Under the *Rump* I made her wear a *Crooper*,
And under *Lambert* she became a *Trooper*.

When Noble *Monk*, the KING did honour
convey,

She (like *Darius* Steed) began to neigh.

I taught her since to *Organ Pipes* to prance,

As *Banks* his Horse could to a *Fiddle* dance.

Now with a *Snaffle*, or a *twined thread*,

To any *Government* she'll turn her head:

I have so broke her, she doth never start,

And that's the meaning of my *broken heart*.

I have found out a cunning way with ease,

To make her cast her *Coat* when ere I please;

And if at *Rack* and *Manger* she may be,

Her *Colts tooth* she will keep most *Wanton-LEE*.

I'll change as often as the *Man* with *Moon*;

[His frequent *Changing* makes him rise so soon]

To eat *Church Plumb-broth* ere it all be gone,

I'll have the *Devil's spoon* but I'll have *One*.

For

For many years my Tongue did *lick the Rump*;
But when I saw a KING was turn'd up *Trump*,
I did resolve still in my hand to have
One *winning Card*, although 'twere but a *Knav*.

If the *Great Turk* to *England* come, I can
Make *Gospel* truckle to the *Alchoran*;
And if their *Turkish Sabbaths* should take place,
I have in readiness my *Friday face*.

If lockt in *Iron Chest* (as we are told)
A *Loadstone* their great *Mabomet* can hold:
The *Loadstone* of *Preferment* (I preface)
To *Mabomet* may draw this *Iron Age*.

The *Congregation* may best pleas'd my mind;
There were more *Shees*, and they most free and
kind:

By *Chamber practice* I did better thrive,
Than all my *Living*s, though I *skimmed free*.

Mine Eyes are open now my Sins to see,
With Tears I cry, *Good People Pardon me*;
My *Reverend Fathers* Pardon I do crave,
And hope my *Mothers Blessing* yet to have.

My *Cambridge* sins, my *Bugden* sins are vile,
My *Essex* sins, my sins in *Ely-Isle*,
My *Leicester* sins, my *Hatfield* sins are many,
But my *St. Albans* sins more red than any.

To

(99)

To *CHARLES* the first I was a bloody foe,
I wish I do not serve the *Second* so :
The only way to make me leave that trick,
Is to bestow on me a *Bishoprick*.

This is *St. Andrews Eve*, and for his sake
A *Bishoprick* in *Scotland* I could take ;
And though a *Metropolitan* there be,
I'de be as *Sharp*, and full as *Arch* as he.

Now may this *Sermon* never be forgot,
Let others call't a *Sermon*, I a *Plot*,
A *Plot* that takes, if it believed be ;
If not I shall repent *Unfained-LEE*.

I must desire the *Crack-fart* of the Nation,
With *rev'rance* to let fly this *Recantation* ;
Our Names ty'd tail to tail, make a sweet
change,
Mine only is *Strange-Lee*, and his *Le-Strange*.

G 3 THE



THE PORING DOCTOR,

OR

*The Gross mistake of a Reverend Son
of the Church, in bowing at the name
of Judas at St. Pauls, No-
vember 5. 1663.*

THe *Papists*, God wot,
made a notable *Plot*
Against the Church and the State;
Which some with good reason,
Call *Gunpowder-Treason*,
Discover'd ere 'twas too late.

Those who before,
Had weltr'd in gore
Of *Protestant Martyrs* slain,
Resolv'd with one breath,
Of Hell beneath,
To blow up all by a *Train*

The

The *Bishops*, good men,
Were in jeopardy then,
The *Lords*, the *Commons*, the *King* ;
The *Religion*, and *Laws*,
For the *Catbolick Cause*
To be made a *Burnt Offring*.

Thus swell'd with dispiight,
To raise darknes and night,
Heav'n caus'd the brood to miscarry ;
That day big with *Thunder*,
Held forth Mercies wonder,
And therefore kept *Anniversary*.

You the present *Lord Mayor*,
And *Brethren* repair,
With the several *Corporations*,
To *Pauls Church* to pray,
And solemnize the *Day*
That so seasonably saved *three Nations*.

But good *Doctor* —
When he came before ye
The Sacred Gospel to read,
At *Judas* his name,
(O horrible shame !)
He bowed his Reverend head.

Some say that his *fight*
 (Poor man) is not right,
 I wish that it be no worse;
 But others think *he*,
 To *Judas* bow'd th'*knee*,
 For love he bears to the *Purse*.

His *Worship* made doubt,
 Where the battel was fought,
 When *Michael* did prevail;
 But to me it is clear,
 For *an hundred a year*
 He'l bow to the *Dragons Tail*.

Twelve Spiritual Promotions,
 A head full of *Notions*,
 With stomach more sharp than a *Sythe*,
 Some of *Bishopsgate* there,
 Perhaps did appear,
 Whose *Cleaths* were *pawn'd* for his *Tytche*.

These things set before,
 And some small reasons more,
 His slender wit had overthrown,
 Nor can he tell how,
 To read, *cring* or *bow*
 By any one's Book but his own.

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What then shall we say,
 Can he *Preach*, can he *Pray*,
 Or put to *rebuke* the *Gainfayer*,
 Who in reading the Word,
 Discerns not our *Lord*
 From him that was his *betrayer* ?

Sure this *doting Fool*,
 Must once more to School
 Before his return to the *Altar*,
 Such another *mistake*,
 May possibly make
 His *neck* to deserve a Silk *H*—

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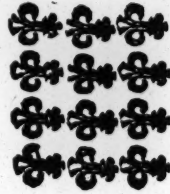
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Lond

THE FAIR QUARREL.

By way of Letter,
Between Mr. *Wanley*, a
Son of the Church;
and Dr. *Wilde*, a
Nonconformist.

Published in the Year, 1666.



London, Reprinted in the year;
1668.

III

THE GREAT

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Mr. Nathan Wanley to Dr.
Wild, who was laid aside for
Nonconformity.

SO the bright Taper useles burns
To private and recluded Urns.
So Pearls themselves to shels confine,
And Gems in the Seas bottom shine,
As thou my *WILD* while thou dost lye
Huddled up in thy privacy,
And only now and then dost send
A Letter to thy private Friend;
Take oncc again thy Lyre, and so
Let thy selected Numbers flow,
As when thy solenn Muse did prove
To sing the Funeral of Love;
Or, as when with the Trump of fame
Thou didst sound forth great *George's* name,
In such a strain, as might it be,
Did speak thy self as great as he.
For while great *Cowley* seeks the Shade,
And *Denham's* noble Wit's mislaid;
When *Darvant's* weary Quill lies by,
And yeelds no mote of *Lumberdj*;

While

While the Sweet Virgin *Muses* be
 By *Wild* led int' a Nunnerie;
 While thus *Apollo's* Priests retire,
 The Females do begin t' aspire,
 Pretending they have found a flaw
 In great *Apollo's* Salique Law;
 These grasp at Lawrel, only due
 To such as I have nam'd, and you.

Dr. Wild to the Ingenious

Mr. Wanley.

What jolly Shepherds voice is this
 Would tempt me from my private bliss
 After his Pipe to dance, while Thunder
 Threatens to rend that Oak in sunder,
 Under whose boughs in fairer dayes
 We sate secure, and sang the Praise
 Of our great *Pan*, whose care did keep
 The pleasant Shepherds and their Sheep?
 Is this a time with wanton strains
 To whistle forth the Nymphs and Swains
 To sport and dance, while Wolf and Fox
 Lye lurking to devour our Flocks,
 And *Romes* Sheep-sealers ready stand
 To give them their red letters brand?
 ' Dost thou not know, my sanguine Son,
 What th' *Plague* and *Fire* have lately done?

London

London hath sent up such a smoke,
 smay the Angels voices choake,
 and make tears big enough, to vent
 ears in a deluge, to lament
 the *raging fury* of that *Flame*,
 or more of those that *made* the same.
 and when *St. Paul* has lost his *Quire*,
 were Sacriledge to touch my *Lyre*.
 none but a monster *Nero* may
 over a *burning City* play.
 or would I sing, were I a *Jew*,
 to please a *Babylonish Crew*.
 how since the time for sorrow cries,
 in this I freely temporize.
 the bright Starrs draw in their light,
 When Clouds club for an ugly night.
 all the Birds of Musick sleep
 In stormy dayes, and Silence keeps.
 frost-nipt Roses droop and fall,
 consuming their own funerall.
 you have seen a well-tun'd *Lyre*
 telling it self with grief and ire.
 a gloomy air, each heart-broke string
 down last passing-bell doth ring.
 when *Bellona's* Trumpet sounds,
 Our *softer Muscs* Musick drownds.
 Sir, by my many *foes* you know
 My Poetry is but *so so*.

But why dost thou disdain or fear,
 That *Female* brows should Lawfel wear?

Hast

Hast thou forgot that Noble Tree
It self was made out of a *shee*?

The Muses and the Graces all
We of the *Female Gender* call;
And so if you have not more care,
You'll find the *Furies* likewise are.

Nor would I have you wonder why

Our Poets *all amont* do lye,
When *Claret* and *Canary* cease,
The Wits will quickly hold their peace.
Vintners and *Poets* fall together,
If once the *Ivey-Garland* wither.

Sweet *Comly* thought (as well he might)
He should hrve shin'd in *Phœbus* sight;
But Clouds appear'd, and he that made
Account of *Juno*, found a shade;
And though on *David's Harp* he plaid,
The *evil Spirit* can't be laid:

Therefore the Groves and Shades he loves,
And his own Secretary proves.

Your next mans temples Lawrel scorns;
Since greater pride his brows adorns.

He to *Pernassus* bears no good will,
Because it proves a *horned bill*.

The very thoughts whereof I dread
Will ne're be got out of his head.

Gondebert's silent, I suppose,
Because his Muse sings *through the nose*,
One syllable of which poor he
Did lose by an *Apocope*.

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Wild sayes, kind *Wanley* you'r to blame
 Amongst these *Swans* his *Goose* to name,
 Yea though his lucky *gagling jant*
 Once help to save one *Capital*;
 His *love* to *Love* then made him fear
 His *neck*, not *brow*, a *Wreath* should wear.
 Next he did one a *Loyal* string
 His *Georgicks* and his *Carols* sing;
 But now because he cannot toot
 To *Organ* tunes, he's made a *noise*;
 And though alive, condemn'd to death:
 Therefore, *dear Sir*, in vain your breath,
 Although perfum'd and hot does come,
 To blow wind in a *dead mans* tomb;
 Yet as a gteateful Legacy,
 He leaves to thee his *Nannery*,
 Not doubting but if need require
 Thou'lt prove an *able loving Fryar*

H

2. Mr.

2. Mr. Wanley to Dr. Wall,

WHat sullen, wary Shepherd's voice is
this,
That won't be tempted from his
private bliss,

But arbor'd up in *Eglantine*, while Thunder
Threatens to rend and rive that *Oak* in funder
Under whose boughs himself in fairer dayes
Did sit secure with us, and sang the praise
Of that *great Pan*, whose watchful care did keep
At once the pleasant Shepherd and his Sheep?
Is this a time for Shepherds to retreat,
And seek out *Coverts* from the *scorching heat*
Is this a time for an *inglorious sloth*
To hug it self, not daring to peep forth
Into the open field, while *th' crafty Fox*
Lurks in the bushes to devour our *Flocks*,
And *Wolves* of *Romulus* are grown so bold,
To fright the silly Sheep ev'n in their Fold?
Dost thou not know what *crops* the *Plauge* has
made

And, *Sampson*-like, *beaps upon beaps* has laid?
That if Heav'n's wrathful Anger thus proceed
There will no Flocks be left for thee to feed.
London has sent up such a darkning smoak,
And shall it too the Angels voices choak?
Shall it make Clouds so thick and dark, that w
Shall never more thy publick Censers see? 'T

'Tis *Sacrilege* to rob the Church ; and thence
Since you have stole your self, what's your of-
fence ?

When the *white Harveſt* for *more Reapers* cries,
How canſt thou freely fit and *temporize* ?

So Stars reſerve themſelves for pitchy night,

When *Phœbus* powders all his locks with light

So *ſerſal* Birds delight to ſit alone,

Till the Days glories are packt up and gone.

So Roſes fall in *June* when froſts are paſt,

And on duſt earth lye bluſhing out their laſt,

So the Muſician ſmother his *Sol fa*,

When he's entreated or to ſing or play.

So when the fierce *Bellona's* Drums do beat,

Who has no mind to fight, ſeeks his retreat.

And ſo I've ſeen a long miſwonted Lyre

Sigh its own Dirge with its own broken wire,

And ſeems to ſhiv'r at th' downfal of *Paul's*

Quire.

Say we not well, Agues will have their courſe ?

Yes, yes, they muſt remember with remorſe

The *Joy Garland's* withering, dearth of Liquer,

That would make *Caput Mortuum* the quicker.

But why ſhouldeſt thou, kind ſoul, be in ſuch

fear,

That plump *Lycus* ſhould grow lean this year ?

Haſt thou forgot how fatal the Grape-ſtone

Did whilom prove to poor *Anacreon* ?

Which of the *Muſes* or the *Graces* all,

Did ere for *Claret* or *Canary* call ?

H 2

Is

Is it not sung by the *Venetian Swain*,

How the brisk Wine gives *Horns* to the poor
man?

And if you have no greater care, no doubt

You'll find the *Claret* will revive your *Gout*,

And then we shall hear thy *Goose-gagging* yau

Cry out for help to save thy *Pedestal*;

Then we shall see thee, standing on one foot,

Practise worse tunes than *Organs*. ever toot.

This is a vain preface; thou say'st, the Dead

Have out-liv'd this, and have *no Gout* to dread

But art thou dead indeed? Though dead thou
art,

Heark how the *dead mans bum* does let a *far*.

When as my bashful Muse did to thee come,

'Twas not so kindly done to turn thy *bum*;

To vote her of the *Babylonish Crew*;

And set the *Furies* on her with *ba-loo*.

This 'tis to gad abroad, 'tis just upon her;

Had *Dina* kept at home, shee'd sav'd her *He*
nor.

But I'm *thy Son*, and must corrected be;

But why then dost thou turn thy *bum* to me?

Dost think thy Son so *sanguine* and *insano*,

To probe thee with a Fistula in *Ano*.

This I should leave to any of the *Crew*,

You may believe me though I were a *Jew*.

And may my breath be still perfum'd, why not?

Since dead Corps smell when they begin to rot.

And

'And he whose Muse such wondrous heights
did fly,

That it did seem to top the very Sky;
And though he may have reason to be proud,
instead of *Juno* did imbrace a Cloud;
May he resume King *Dauids Harp* and play
The *Tarantul*' of discontent away.

If *Denhams* has so foully bin betray'd,
And his *Inclasure* 'gainst his will *survey'd*:

May he recover all his Wits and more,
And with such keen *Lambricks* brand the *Whore*,
That all may dread it worse then los of life,
To turn a Poet *frantick* for his *Wife*.

Poor *Davenant's Nose* it seems is grown so
fore,

It scarcely will abide one smart Jest more.

Well may the *bridge* be down, when time doth
meet

To press it with his *Satyr* cloven feet.

And thou with thy *Apocopes* art wont
To scatter balls of thy *Wild-fire* upon't.

But shall I not, *kind Wild*, remember thee,
Who hast bequeath'd me such a *Legacie*?

'Tis thine for life, we know thy subtle head;
Wills have no force till the *Testator's* dead;

And that none can have ought by thy bequest
Till thou art better dead then in a Jest:

Nor would I that in tenderness to me

Thou shouldst suspect thine own sufficiency;

H 3

Enjoy

Enjoy it freely, since thou hast it wed,
'Tis Incest to ascend the Fathers bed.

What though thou ow'st me for thy *Sanguine*
Child,

Yet I have not so much my *Sire of Wild.*

And thus far is thy *Fry'r* able to see

His *Covent's* better than thy *Nunnerie.*

He's *loving* too, 'tis true, he nothing gives,

As thou, at his decess, but while he lives

All these *good wishes*, such as he can spare.

And if thou hast them, will help mend thy fare.

May every Knight about us, that's inclin'd,
Be unto thee, as Sir *John Baber*, kind.

Ten Silver *Crowns* let each of them send thee,

And be so paid for all in *Verse* as he.

May the *poor Scholar* ne're want *Sunday Pudden,*

When he's not like to *preach* for't on the sudden.

May thy afflicted *Toe* ne're feel the *Gout*;

Or if it must, let the *Dutch* have a *Rout*;

That thou maiest yet (at last) once more Protest

That *Recipe* wants no *Probatum est.*

Maist thou next send me what is worth thy
Pen;

May I have brains to answer it agen.

May all that are of such *good wishes* fullen,

Live till their good Friends bury them in *Wool-*
len.

Dr.

Dr. Wild to Mr. Wanley.

HOneſtly done however, though the
Stuff
You ſent be *coarſe* the meaſure's *large*
enough.

The firſt Cup thou beganſt I could not paſs,
The Wine was briſk, and in a little glaſs :
But now to pledge thee I am not inclin'd,
You *Sons o' th Church* are for *large draughts* I
find.

Prithee leave off, for thou haſt been ſo free
In ſending ſuch a *brimmer* unto me,
That Sunday laſt, long of that frolick bout,
Thy Pariſh had but *half a glaſs* I doubt.
Beſides thie drink *is ſmall*, you've chang'd your
gill,

I wiſh you'd kept in your *bogs-head* ſtill.
Yet, upon better thoughts, *ſmall drink* is fit
To cool the ſtomack, though not help the wit ;
And that might be thy caſe : for certainly
Thoſe *ſalt bits* I had ſent thee *made thee dry*,
Or *ſick*, which made thee drink *ſmall drink*, and
ſtrain

To caſt them undigeſted up again.

Twelve lines return'd the very ſame, that I
Muſt call the *Hickup*, rather than *Reply*;

H 4

Or,

Or, by rebounding of my words, I dread
There is some *Eccho* in thine *empty bead* :
Or rather thou my *Cockril* art, and so
The *young one* learneth of the old to *crow*.

May my brave Bird, thou darest spur and peck,
I wish that *Shrovetide* hazard not thy neck :
Now prethee *Chick* beware, for though I find
That thou art *right* and of the *fighting kind*,
Yet thou art not my *Match*, and soon wilt feel
My Gout lies in my *Toe*, not in my *Heel*.
Take this advice before you mean to fight,
Get your *Comb cut*, and leave your *treading*
quite.

Thy Barber, or his Wife, if he should fail,
Has skill to *clip thy wings*, and *trim thy tail* ;
And thereby hangs another *Tayl*, I find
Thy *subtil nose* hath got my *breech i'th' wind*.
If thou canst catch *poor farts* that Prison break,
A notable *Bum-bayliff* thou wilt make.
Hark, hark, saist thou, *be let a fart* ! what
though ?

It breaths forth *no Sediton*, Sir, I trow ;
Nor is there any Statute of our Nation
That says, *in five miles* of a *Corporation*
If any *Outed-man* a *Fart* should vent,
That you should apprehend the *Innocent*.
If you so soon could smell the *Powder-Plot*,
What had you said if I had *bullets* shot ?
Fye man ! our *mourts* were stopped long ago,
And would you have us silent too *below* ?

But

But I displaid my^lbum before thyne eyes
Unkindly thou faist, I say otherwise;
For there thou mightst have thy resemblance
took,

Dead mens blind cheeks do very wanley look.
And For the crack it gave, that did but mind
thee,

To strive to leave a good report behind thee.
As for the gall which in your Ink appears,
That in our sufferings we are Volunteers;

I'll not say much, I have more wit than so,
Tis scurvey jesting with edg-tools I know:

But Sir, 'tis cruelty in you, to whip
Your Brothers back which you did help to strip.
Yet thus your Grandfire Levi did before,
Who kil'd those, whom his Cov'nant had made
sore.

And you know who they were that gave the
blow,

And then cry'd, *Prophecie who smote thee so?*
We durst not keep our Livings for our lives,
But they must needs go whom the Devil drives.

Yea but we left our Harveſt, left our Sheep,
And would not work in one, nor th' other keep.

I answer. No great Harveſt yet appears,
I'm sure your Churches hang but thin with
ears.

And though the Foxes breed, what need you
care,

When-as your Shepherds such Fox-catchers
are.
For

For pardon, Sir, my serious soul now cries,
 Your knocking me did make this froth to rise.
Once for my Age, Profession and Degree,
 To fool thus is enough, and *Twice* for thee.
 Thus great Estates b'imprudent owners may,
 When stak'd at Ticktack, soon be plaid away.
 Let's wind this folly up in this last sheet,
 And *friendly part*, as we did *friendly meet*.
 Yet, to require thy *Legacy* to me,
 Accept this *Litany* I send to thee.

*May thy rich Parts with seeing Grace be
 join'd,*

*As Diamonds in Rings of Gold enshrin'd;
 May be that made thy Stars, create a Sphear
 Of heavenly frame of life, and fix them there;
 May that blest Life credit Conformatie,
 And make e'ven Puritans to honour thee.
 Maist thou to Christ such store of Converts
 bring,*

*That he whose place thou fill'st, for joy may
 sing.*

*May God love you, and you love God again;
 And may these Prayers of mine not be in vain.*



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